

THE MAID OF FRANCE

A SHEPHERDESS, like David called
To lead war's flocks in pastures red,
Poor peasant girl from garth and stead,
Whom court won not nor camp appalled—
What made thee thus do, dare, endure?
The Vision God gives to the Pure.

In this thy strength, thy peace, thy light,
God's wisdom thus was spur and guide,
And thus meek things subdued man's pride,
And weak things thus o'erthrew man's might:
All thine was His, so He was thine,
And thou, a sword—in Hand divine!

Saviour of France, how cruel thy cross,
Ere thou didst win thy liliated crown!
From what dire failure sprang renown;
To reap thy gain what bitter loss:
Christ's work, Christ's fate was thine and now
Christ's glory radiates from thy brow!

JEANNE D'ARC

IT is to utter a commonplace when we say that the Saints resembled their Master. That is why we call them Saints. In some measure they successfully copied and absorbed His life and His life shone out from them. He said, "I am the Light of the world"; and also, "You are the light of the world." Their lives were like His, too, in the way men received and treated them. "If they have persecuted me they will also persecute you."

In studying the life of our new Saint (who has been before the Throne for nearly five hundred years), one is often reminded of the Perfect Life. With the exception of the Gospel story of our Lord's Passion, there is nothing in history or tragedy so heart-wringing as the story of what this pure, beautiful child had to suffer.

Take first the way in which she was received by her own nation. Our Lord "came unto his own and his own received him not." The Jews whom He had come to save refused to hear Him and drove Him to the Cross. Pilate says: "Thy own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee up to me." When Jeanne went to Robert de Baudricourt to announce her Mission, he told her friend to box her ears and take her home to her father. Jeanne's father once dreamed that she had gone off with men-at-arms. "In that case," he said to his sons, "you must drown her, or I will." The French people cared little for Jeanne or her mission and thwarted her in every way. From the King, whom she set on his throne, downwards, not one lifted a hand to save her from her enemies. "French priests and lawyers," writes Andrew Lang, "tried her with infamous injustice; the unnamed witnesses against her were French. French priests and lawyers condemned her and handed her over to a French executioner."¹ But let us not imagine that this lessens the guilt of her English foes.

The chief priests and lawyers were our Lord's most bitter enemies. They were continually trying to "ensnare him in his speech" because they hated Him. So with Jeanne. What are we to say of the Archbishop of Reims, that false friend; of the infamous Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais? What of the other ecclesiastics who, in her sham trial, put questions

¹ *The Maid of France*, p. 243.

to her which she could hardly answer without condemning herself? She was then a peasant girl of nineteen, who could neither read nor write; they had the best-trained intellects in France; and yet in her simple innocence and truth she shamed and silenced them. To take only one instance: they asked her, "Do you know that you are in a state of grace?" If she replied, Yes, she was presumptuous; if, No, she condemned herself. She replied, "If I am not in grace, may God bring me thither. If I am, God keep me there."

Our Lord foreknew His Passion. This was the secret which weighed on Him. "I have a baptism wherewith I am to be baptized: and how am I straitened until it be accomplished." His decease, His exodus, at Jerusalem was not to be an easy one. He foresaw all the shame of it, even in detail—"Behold . . . they shall mock him and spit on him and scourge him and kill him."

Jeanne knew in her heart that she had but one year, and that a terrible end was to be hers. The English, from her first appearance on the scene, had proclaimed that they would burn her for a witch when they caught her. Often she told the Dauphin that she had "one year and little more." Her Voices revealed it to her. Perhaps that is why she was so often found weeping as she prayed.

The chief priests uttered a greater truth than they knew when they said of our Lord, "He saved others; himself he cannot save." Jeanne saved her nation from the invader; she drove the English home, and so put France once more on the right path; but in doing so she had to sacrifice herself to the uttermost. At Compiègne, on her last day under arms, she might have fled with her friends; but to save them she charged the enemy, not once, but three times, and drove them back. She was willing to lay down her life for her friends and her nation.

Our Lord was sold for thirty pieces of silver. Jeanne was sold for an annuity for the Bastard de Wandonne, who captured her, and ten thousand livres for John de Luxembourg, his chief, who was in English pay.

Our Lord, the Holiest of all, was called by His enemies a glutton, a wine-drinker, a friend of sinners. They said He had a devil. Jeanne, the purest lily of France, was called by the Duke of Bedford, "a woman without character and disorderly in her life, dressed like a man." In a letter to the English Government, he terms her "a disciple and lyme of

the Fiend, called the Pucelle." Read what Shakespeare writes of her in the first part of *Henry VI.*, words that will ever be a blot on his fame. And as she went to the stake they put on her head a paper mitre inscribed with these words: "Heretic, Relapsed, Apostate, Idolator." "Blessed are ye when they shall revile you and persecute you and speak all that is evil against you, untruly."

Why did the Jewish priests drive our Saviour to the foreign punishment of the Cross? To make His claims ridiculous. A Messiah crucified between two thieves! For the same reason Cardinal Beaufort was not content with the death of the Maid; he was determined that she should die a shameful death as a witch and heretic. He wanted to brand her as an impotent sorceress, who had failed to save her own life. Thus his soldiers might cease to dread her and recover their lost morale.

In her prison she copied her Master well. As He was led to Calvary, our Lord was grieved at the punishment in store for Jerusalem. "Weep not over me; but weep for yourselves and for your children." Jeanne was heard to say at the stake: "Ah, Rouen! I fear greatly that thou may'st have to suffer for my death!"

Being sinless, our Lord could not ask for forgiveness; but He prayed that His enemies and persecutors might be forgiven,—“Father, forgive them for they know not what they do.” Jeanne “begged right humbly also for” forgiveness of all sorts and conditions of men, both of her own party and of her enemies; asking for their prayers, forgiving them the evil they had done her.”

Jesus said: “To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.” Jeanne knew at the last from her Voices that her purgatory was past. She said: “In Paradise, where with God’s help I shall be to-night.”

Once more: “Jesus cried with a loud voice, ‘Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.’” He bowed His Head and gave up the ghost.

And of Jeanne we read: “Last, with a great voice she called, ‘Jesus!’ Her head drooped, and the Daughter of God went home to her Father’s house.”

Finally, like her Master’s, her fame will persist and increase until the end of time. Her work is not yet finished. She has still to save France, and, through France, maybe, the world.

J. R. CORMACK.

WHO BEHEADED KING CHARLES I.?

WHEN King Charles the First stepped upon the scaffold at Whitehall Gate between one and two o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, January 30, 1649, he was confronted by two masked executioners.

It was the custom in those days for the executioners to wear a mask, but on this occasion special care had been taken to conceal their identity and thus to shield them from the popular vengeance that, sooner or later, was bound to overtake them had it ever been known who they were. Both wore wigs and both were attired in frieze breeches with "frocks," or tight-fitting woollen doublets. The man who struck the fatal blow wore a long grey wig and a grey beard; while the disguise of his assistant, who does not seem to have attracted much attention, was stated to have been either black or flaxen hair. On his head the headsman's assistant also wore a black hat with a broad brim which was "cocked."

It was a fine afternoon, with brilliant sunshine, when the King stepped upon the scaffold. Thousands of spectators thronged the neighbourhood, and even invaded the roofs of the adjoining houses. Archbishop Ussher was on the roof of Lady Peterborough's house (where he was living, Wallingford House, on the site of the Admiralty), and "when his Majesty had done speaking, and had pulled off his cloak and doublet, and stood stripped in his waistcoat, and that the villains in vizards began to put up his hair, the good bishop, no longer able to endure so horrible a sight, grew pale and began to faint; so that if he had not been observed by his own servant and others that stood near him, he had fainted away. So they presently carried him down and laid him upon his bed."

Round the scaffold there were rows of soldiers with pikes and troopers on horseback, so that in spite of the clear frosty air, the speech delivered by the King was inaudible except to those actually on the scaffold itself. The last words of the King's address are not often quoted, but were as follows:

Sirs, it was for this (for the liberty of the people) that I am come here. If I would have given way to an arbitrary way, for to have all laws changed according to the power of the sword,

I needed not to have come here. And, therefore, I tell you, and I pray God it be not laid to your charge, that I am the Martyr of the people.

The rest is well known, the declaration that he died in the faith of the Church of England as his father had left it to him, the consoling words of Bishop Juxon and the last word of all, "Remember," as he handed his George to the bishop, in order that the latter should send it to his son. The King then raised his hands and eyes to Heaven, saying two or three words to himself which were inaudible,¹ and, finally, laid himself down flat on the scaffold, with his neck on the block; or, rather, billet (in use at the time), gave a sign with his hand, and the masked man with the grey wig and beard severed his head at one blow.

Among the horrified spectators of this most awful crime was a worthy Nonconformist minister, Philip Henry, the father of the famous biblical commentator, Matthew Henry. "Two things he used to speak of," says his biographer. "One was that at the instant when the blow was given, there was such a dismal universal groan among the thousands of people that were within sight of it, as it were with one consent, as he never heard before and desired he might never hear again, nor see such a cause for it. The other was that after the stroke was struck, there was, according to order, one troop marching from Charing Cross towards King's Street and another from King's Street towards Charing Cross, purposely to disperse and scatter the people."

Who was the masked man in the grey wig and beard? Was he Richard Brandon, the public executioner? No one thought so, and Brandon lived unmolested at his house in Rosemary Lane, Whitechapel, until his death on June 20th of the same year, although it was known that he had been sent for, and had brought his axe and block to Whitehall.

After the Restoration, in 1660, when the second executioner, William Hulett (who appears to have done nothing but stand on the scaffold) was tried and sentenced to death, evidence was given, at his trial, by the waterman who carried Brandon away from Whitehall. Abraham Smith was this man's name, and his testimony was so dramatic that it deserves setting out in full.

"My lord," said he, addressing the Chief Justice, Sir

¹ "King Charles, His speech," Thomason tract E 545 (5), published on 23 Feb., 1649.

Orlando Bridgeman, "as soon as that fatal blow was given, I was walking about Whitehall. Down came a file of musketeers; the first word they said was 'Where be the bargemen?'

"Answer was made, 'Here are none.'

"Away they directed the hangman into my boat. He gave one of the soldiers a half-crown. Saith the soldiers, 'Away with him; begone quickly.'

"But I, fearing this Hangman had cut off the King's head, I trembled that he should come into my boat, but dared not to examine him on shore for fear of the soldiers. So out I launched and having got a little way into the water, said I, 'Who the Devil have I got into my boat?'

"Says my fellow, says he, 'Why?'

"I directed my speech to him, saying, 'Are you the Hang-Man that hath cut off the King's head?'

"'No, as I am a sinner to God,' saith he, 'Not I.'

"He shook every joint of him. I knew not what to do. I rowed away a little further and fell to a new examination of him. When I had got him a little further. 'Tell me true,' said I, 'are you the Hangman that hath cut off the King's head? I cannot carry you,' I said.

"'No,' saith he. 'I was fetch't with a troop of horse and I was kept a close prisoner at White hall and truly I did not do it, I was kept a close prisoner all the while, but they had my instruments.'

"I said I would sink my boat if he would not tell me true, but he denied it with several protestations."

In support of this evidence may be added the fact that the Lord Leicester of that day wrote in his Journal:

"This I heard for certain, that Gregory Brandon (his father's and predecessor's Christian name was Gregory and the son was often called 'little Gregory') the common hangman of London refused absolutely to do it, and professed that he would be shot, or otherwise killed, rather than do it." Lord Leicester was the father of Algernon Sidney, one of the "judges" of the so-called "High Court of Justice" who attended one or two of their meetings in the Painted Chamber.¹ In the meantime, before Brandon's death, accu-

¹ Sidney wrote to his father, "I did positively oppose Cromwell, Bradshaw and others who would have the trial go on, and drew my reasons from these two points. First, the King *could be tried* by no court; secondly, that *no man* could be tried by that court." "Sydney Papers," edited by R. W. Blencowe, pp. 61 and 237.

sations were bandied about right and left. These even got into the newsbooks of the time, for "Perfect Occurrences" remarked, on April 6th, that: "Some have lately laid an imputation on Captain Edward Frodsham that he was the King's headsman. But the contrary is attested by those in whose company he was. And indeed the report is ridiculous."

Up to the date of his death, neither Royalist "Mercury" nor regicide "diurnall" ever accused Brandon of beheading the King, but after his death, on June 20th, two Royalist satires,¹ published five days later on, both asserted that he had confessed on his death-bed that he had done so. As both the satires were published in order to annoy the Rump, and included circumstantial accounts of the appearance of the devil and other wildly improbable details, the evidence of these two tracts is of no value whatever. The Royalists were glad of the chance of fixing the blame upon someone, in order that they might elicit the headsman's real name.

There was, nevertheless, an echo of these satires in the licensed press. Seventeen different newsbooks, by different writers, of all shades of opinion, appeared during the week after the hangman's death. All but one took no notice of the tales told by the satires; but this one, "The Kingdom's Weekly Intelligencer," strongly Presbyterian and secretly Royalist, attempted to help the satires by telling a more sober version of the same tale, on the authority of an unnamed "Young Man," as follows:

"On Wednesday last the Hangman departed this life. And on the Sunday before, a young man, a friend of his, coming to visit him, asked him whether he was not troubled in conscience for cutting off the King's head?

"He replied 'Yes.' By reason that (upon the time of his trial and at the denouncing of sentence against him) he had taken a vow and protestation, wishing God to perish him body and soul, if ever he appeared on the scaffold to do the act or lift up his hand against him, further acknowledging that he was no sooner entered upon the scaffold but immediately he fell a-trembling and hath ever since continued in the same.

"He likewise expressed that he had 30 pounds for his

¹ These were "The last Will and testament of Richard Brandon," etc., and "The Confession of Richard Brandon." Both are obviously fictitious and do not deserve citing.

pains, all paid him in half-crowns (!) within an hour after the blow was given, which money he gave his wife at six o'clock that night and told her it was the dearest money ever he earned in his life. He was very much disturbed in his sickness and lay raging and swearing and still pointing at one thing and another which he conceived was visible before him.

"That a little before the death of the said Richard Brandon, he having in some discourse with a neighbour, touching the executing of the King, said that even at the very point of time that he was to give the blow a great pain and ache took him round the neck and hath ever since continued, and that he never slept quietly in mind, saying that he was afraid to walk along the street, or to go to his bed and sleep without a candle burning. The other fellow that was upon the scaffold, that went in the name of his man, was one Ralph Jones, a ragman who liveth in Rosemary Lane."¹

This last detail weakens the whole story still more, for the hangman's "man" was William Hulett. It is fairly evident that the hangman was delirious at the time of his death, and that nothing that he then said was trustworthy.

The only serious piece of evidence fixing the crime upon Brandon was given by the witness who followed Abraham Smith at Hulett's trial. This was William Cox, whose testimony was as follows:

"When my Lord Capell, Duke Hamilton, and the Earl of Holland were beheaded in the Palace Yard at Westminster (on March 9. 1649) my Lord Capel asked the Common hangman, said he, 'Did you cut off my Master's head?' 'Yes' saith he (the hangman). 'Where is the instrument that did it?' He (the hangman) then brought the axe. 'Is this the same axe? Are you sure?' said my lord. 'Yes, my lord,' saith the hangman. 'I am very sure it is the same.' My Lord Capell took the axe and kissed it and gave him five pieces of gold. I heard him say 'Sirrah! wert thou not afraid?' Saith the hangman, 'They made me cut it off, and I had thirty pounds for my pains.'"

If this conversation on the scaffold, recounted by Cox, really took place, many others must have heard it beside Cox himself; and yet none of the printed or written accounts

¹ In the Whitechapel register of burials there is the following entry: "June 21st Rich. Brandon, a man out of Rosemary Lane. This R. Brandon is supposed to have cut off the head of Charles I." But this last sentence forms no part of the original entry and is in a different handwriting.

of Lord Capel's execution corroborate him. Royalist mercuries, official newsbooks, relations (some of which are lengthy), all give circumstantial accounts of Lord Capel's speech and tell us what he said to the executioner—yet not one of these corroborates Cox.

Two other people, Richard Abell and "a stranger," testified that they had overheard Brandon say that he cut off the King's head.

This is the whole of the evidence fixing the act upon Brandon, and it is quite inconclusive.

After the Restoration, and previous to the trials of the regicides in October, 1660, there was a great hunt for the man who had beheaded the King.

On May 14, 1660, the House of Commons ordered a man called Matthew, who had confessed that he beheaded the King, to be arrested. His tale was found to be but a piece of vulgar braggadocio and he was discharged.

Next, Joyce, who had abducted the King from Holdenby, was accused by Lilly, the astrologer, to a committee of the House of Commons, on June 2, 1660. Lilly's tale was found to be without foundation. Other persons accused, before the trials of the regicides took place, were Hugh Peters, Phineas Payne and Christopher Alured.¹ In each case the charge proved to be groundless.

Finally, Hulett was arrested, tried and sentenced to death on October 15, 1660, for being assistant executioner. He does not seem to have been executed.

At the trials² of the regicides, in 1660, the whole procedure with regard to beheading the King was elicited in detail, and the names of the two masked executioners were

¹ See the Commons Journals and Calendar of State Papers. The following persons, the subjects of traditions on the subject, are mentioned merely to show the popular disbelief that Brandon was the headsman. 1. Archbishop Tenison, when Rector of St. Martins in the Fields, is said to have heard the dying confession of a soldier who admitted the crime. Details and corroboration are lacking. 2. Col. Fox is mentioned by Lord Leicester, only to express his own disbelief in the accusation. 3. A drover of Huntingdon, pensioned by Cromwell, who lived at St. Ives. 4. Cromwell himself. 5. Major Sydenham, according to a Dorset tradition. 6. John Bigge, of Denton, Bucks. 7. Giles Dekker. 8. Captain Foxley. 9. Lord Stair, who was not even in London. 10. One Wrattiswood, living in White Horse Lane, Westminster, is accused by Baker. (Harl. MS. 7045 f. 361.)

² The trials are best seen in "An Exact and most impartial accompt of the trial of nine and twenty regicides," published in 1660. It has recently been proved that "State Trials" not only mutilates the documents printed, but also contains a number of common frauds, such as the "Speeches and Prayers" of the regicides.

proved to have been Hulett and Walker—the latter's Christian name not being stated. One other regicide, Francis Hacker, tried and sentenced on the same day as Hulett, was proved to have been in charge of the arrangements for the execution. Hacker signed the actual warrant to the executioner (written by Cromwell), but was ignorant of the names of the persons to whom it was addressed. A third regicide, Daniel Axtell, was also tried and sentenced on the same day, and at his trial a certain Mr. Nelson, who had been a Parliamentary Lieut.-Col., gave evidence as follows:

"Upon a discourse with the prisoner at the bar in Dublin 5 or 6 years since, upon the platform at the Castle we discoursed of the late King. Having had several reports, I desired to know of him who it was that executed the King, thinking he might inform me. He was pleased to tell me this. Saith he, 'the persons that were employed in that service, you know them as well as I do.' 'Truly Sir, I do not,' said I. 'I saw them in vizards but not their visage as I know of.' Saith he, 'You do know them.' 'It is true,' saith he, 'myself and others were employed in that affair in order to the execution, but there were several persons came and offered themselves out of a kind of zeal to do the thing, but we did not think it proper to employ persons whom we did not know, but we made choice of a couple of stout persons.' 'Pray, let me hear their names,' said I. Saith he, 'it was Hulett and Walker.' I desired to know their reward. 'Truly,' saith he, 'I do not know whether £30 a piece; or between them.' I said that was a small reward for a work of that nature. 'Truly,' saith he, 'that was all.'"

Again, at Hulett's trial, Nelson gave another account of the same conversation, varying the details a little, and said:

"I desired him to tell me these two persons disguised upon the scaffold. He told me I knew the persons as well as himself. Saith he, 'they have been upon service with you many a time.' 'Pray Sir,' said I, 'let me know their names.' 'Truly,' saith he, 'we would not employ persons of low spirits that we did not know and therefore we pitched upon two stout fellows.' 'Who were these?' said I. 'It was Walker and Hulett; they were both sergeants in Kent when you were there and stout men.' 'Who gave the blow?' said I. Saith he, 'Poor Walker, and Hulett took up the head.'"

If this evidence is accurate, as it seems to be, the only question remaining to be asked is what was this "Walker's" Christian name. At this point tradition intervenes, partly

to corroborate and partly to confuse the issue, by attributing the crime to William Walker. William Walker was secretary to "Major General" Lambert and ended his days in peace at Darnal, Sheffield, in 1700. The traditions about him have been gathered together in the Rev. Alfred Gatty's edition of Hunter's "Hallamshire. The History and Topography of the parish of Sheffield," published in 1869.

In this work it is stated that another writer:

"conjectured that he (William Walker) is the person to whom there is an allusion in the Apology for the Presbyterian Ministers, 1649, on the charge of holding anti-monarchical principles, the same Walker who has written the monthly (*sic*. weekly) Mercuries and that, therefore, he was the translator of the 'Vindiciae contra Tyrannos,' published in 1648. The tradition of the village of Darnal goes to fix on Walker that his was the rash hand which smote off the head of the King. The evidence which was collected by the late Mr. Wilson and Mr. Goodwin and laid before the public in successive communications to the Gentleman's Magazine¹ is thought by the writer of the Hollis Memoirs to fix the deed on Walker with more certainty than attends the evidence which would fix the bloody and evil deed on any other name. It consists of recollected confessions in his dying moments, tradition of a warrant having been sent for his apprehension, which he escaped through the connivance of Mr. Spencer, of Attercliffe, joined to the fact that in the trials of the persons who composed the court of justice Walker was several times mentioned as being the name of the man who actually struck the blow."

The writer then goes on to add that in 1681 the honorary freedom of the Cutlers was conferred on William Walker, "a distinction which plainly shows that, at that period at least, he was not living with the secrecy of a man over whose head the axe of justice was suspended."

It is absolutely incredible that, if William Walker beheaded the King, he should have been allowed to end his days in peace and honour, as a good mathematician and scholar, who was beloved by his neighbours. Mr. Gatty seems to have realized this, for he concludes his biography of William Walker as follows:

"Since this was written I have had access to the papers of Dr. Nathaniel Johnston, who knew Walker, and has preserved memoranda of conversations with him, which he has

¹ Vol. 37 for 1767, p. 548; and Vol. 38 for 1768, p. 10.

thus entitled 'Relations from Mr. Walker of Darnall, near Sheffield, sometime Secretary to Major-General Lambert.' This is confirmed by an order signed by Lambert for the payment to him, for Lambert's use, of £714, dated Feb. 10, 1651, to the treasurer at War.

"There can be little doubt that the Walker here spoken of was Henry Walker, of whom John Taylor wrote the 'Whole Life and progress of Henry Walker, the ironmonger' etc. by John Taylor. Quarto 1642. This was Taylor the water poet. There is a copy in the Museum. He speaks of Walker being a great writer of pamphlets against the King. He names one entitled 'To your tents O Israel.' He had been apprentice to Mr. Holland, an ironmonger in Newgate Street."

I am able to corroborate this last surmise and can now state that Henry was the brother of William Walker of Darnal. Henry Walker's career is better known nowadays. He was the "Luke Harruney" who wrote "Perfect Occurrences" and other periodicals of the Great Rebellion, as well as many other tracts and books.¹ That Henry Walker was William Walker's brother appears from a letter written² to Major Adam Baynes, M.P. for Leeds in the Long Parliament, by Henry on behalf of his brother William, who was in the habit of corresponding with Baynes.

It will be easy to see that the tradition has shifted from the guilty Henry to his brother William, who probably assisted him to escape, and that in reality the warrant sent down to arrest William was merely to examine him on suspicion of his having done this. In any case the two men were distinct. The mistake has been furthered by the translation of Hubert Languet's "*Vindiciae contra Tyrannos*" having been attributed by bibliographers generally to William Walker, under whose name it is usually catalogued. As to this, the "Apology for the Presbyterian Ministers," which

¹ "Cambridge History of Eng. Literature," Vol. VII. pp. 351-6.

² In the Baynes correspondence at the British Museum, as follows:—
"Honoured Sir. The 3rd hujus my Bro. calling mee to him upon his sick bed, (at such time I supposing him capable) hee commanded mee to impart some lynes to you, such now praised be God, that he is pretty well recovered he disownes. (!) Sir, being at that time in a high distemper he desires you would be pleased to passe that favourable construction of them as that they may be buried in oblivion being the fruites of an acute fever and a desperate cold. Sir, your transcendant affaires p-mitting, he desires you would not be unmindful of him in Sr. Richard Mulieverer's businesse and I hope he will be able in short time to give you an acct. of what transactions are remarkable in this towne. Intrin pray accept of these lynes from, Your humble servant, Henry Walker, (27 Jan. 1636-7.)"

Messrs. Gatty and Hunter misquote, both in text and title, contains conclusive evidence. According to Thomason, this tract was published on April 3, 1649. It was entitled:

"A modest and clear vindication of the 'Serious Representation' and late 'Vindication' of the Ministers of London, from the scandalous aspersions of John Price, in a pamphlet of his entitled 'Clerico Classicum,' or 'The Clergies alarum to a third War.'" The writer of this tract states of "*Vindiciae contra Tyrannos*":

"And here I cannot but give the world notice that one of the good members now sitting at Westminster (whom I could name but that naming men now in the House would be accounted breach of privilege, when pulling members out hath been esteemed none) did employ Walker the Mercury man, who writes the 'Perfect Occurrences,' to get this book, being translated, into English, to be printed. It seems themselves were ashamed of it, suspecting that it might be known to be Parsons the Jesuit (*sic.*—Hubert Languet) if it had been continued still under the name (pseudonym) of Junius Brutus, and therefore, they did make a new title to it, which is this."¹ Then the new title, which omits "by Junius Brutus" was cited.

At the time of the Revolution in 1689, "*Vindiciae contra Tyrannos*" was reprinted, presumably with the same motives as in 1648. A copy of this second edition, in the British Museum Library, bears the following note on its title page, in an eighteenth century handwriting:

"This translation of the '*Vindiciae contra tyrannos*' was the work of Mr. William Walker, of Darnal, near Sheffield, Yorkshire, the person who cut off King Charles' head. It was first printed in 1649 and reprinted at the Revolution as above."

This note probably marks the date of the shifting of the tradition from the forgotten Henry to his brother William.

Nothing whatever is known of the end of Henry Walker. He disappeared some weeks before the trials of the regicides took place, and was never captured.

J. B. WILLIAMS.

¹ Henry Walker advertised the book as follows: "Perfect Occurrences," 18th—25th Feb. 1647-8. "There is a translation of Junius Brutus (called '*Vindiciae contra Tyrannos*') in the presse, almost ready for publication. A peece sutable for the times."

Ibid., 25th Feb.—3rd March, 1648. "But there is a book translated into English, called '*Vindiciae contra Tyrannos*' which fully clears such disputes." (Apropos of an attack on the Parliament by Justice Jenkins.)

RE-MARRIAGE AFTER DIVORCE

THE subject of divorce by the authority of the State is again actively before the minds of the public, owing to the attempts being now made in Parliament to give legal effect to the recommendations of the Majority Report, published in November, 1912, by the Divorce Commission which terminated its labours in that year. In our December number for that same year we had an article on the subject to which we may refer our readers back, but for their convenience, in view of the aspect of the controversy to which we wish now to call their attention, we may repeat that this Majority Report recommended that to extend the supposed benefits of divorce *a vinculo* to the poorer class of people, the Divorce Division of the High Court should hold sittings and exercise jurisdiction locally as well as in the capital, that it should equalize the two sexes entirely in regard to the conditions under which they shall be qualified to sue and obtain the relief they desire, and that it should extend the grounds for divorce to five other cases over and beyond that of adultery, namely, to wilful desertion for three years and upwards, cruelty, incurable insanity after five years' confinement, habitual drunkenness found incurable after three years from first order, and imprisonment under commuted death sentence. The Commission even tell us that they were invited to include some other causes, namely, bigamy, contagious disease, unconquerable aversion, mutual consent, and refusal to perform conjugal duties, but the Majority, in their Report, take comfort to themselves for their moderation in rejecting these further causes on the double ground that they can be brought under one or other of the six grounds they recommend to be included, and besides, do not, like the six included, put an end in fact to married life. As it is quite true that these other counts can be easily brought in by recourse to collusion and perjury, which are getting so frequent that even the judges are coming round to the conclusion that such offences are inevitable and cannot be restrained by the intervention of the King's Proctor, it may be fairly acknowledged that, if the Majority Report is adopted by Parliament, marriages of all kinds can be readily sundered by mutual consent or unconquerable

aversion; and though Parliamentary acceptance, favoured already by the House of Lords, and not, we fear, decidedly opposed by the House of Commons, is not yet statute law, the extreme likelihood of this eventuality has already begun to cast its shadow before in the steady increase of the number of divorces. In the Registrar General's Report for this year, published in the *Times* for May 13th, it was stated that between 1876 and 1918 the number of annual divorces had gone up by successive stages from 554 to 2,222; and recently an American Divorce Court judge resigned his office, and got transferred to another court, sickened by the alarming increase in the number of applicants for this form of civil release. This will before long be our experience over here. There will always be Catholics and religious-minded non-Catholics who will keep themselves free from the deplorable contagion, but it is a contagion which will spread faster and faster among those who accept the aid of the Divorce Acts, and at the same time expose themselves to the growing tendency to matrimonial quarrels which are sure to go with them. Indeed, are we not approaching an age when true marriages will have become rarer and rarer, for how can those be reckoned true marriages which are based on contracts permeated with the consciousness that they can any day be revoked?

But our primary object in touching on this question now is to investigate what is the real source of the mistaken views of non-Catholics who are also Christians, viz., the exception to the general indissolubility of marriage which Christ our Lord is supposed to have made by allowing (Matt. xix.) divorce, followed by re-marriage, in the case of parties, one of whom has, by committing adultery, been faithless to her or his marriage contract. We call this the source of all non-Catholic misconceptions, for, although the proposal now before Parliament is in part to extend the number of grounds for divorce as indicated above, this is postulated on the ground that our Lord in person granted permission for divorce and re-marriage to one of the parties to a marriage when the other has sinned against the marriage state by adultery,¹

¹ This distinction between guilty and innocent parties to a divorce is favoured by many Protestants, but given that, as we hope to show, re-marriage after separation is forbidden by our Lord to both sides, the very foundation for this distinction falls to the ground. For it amounts just to this, that the Court says to the supposed innocent party, you may in reward for your innocence choose any new partner you like and have licence to commit adultery with him or her habitually.

the plea raised being that the grievance suffered by the party injured in the one way is equalled by the grievance done to him or to her in any of the other five ways indicated—so that there being this parity of grievance it is equitable to infer that our Lord meant to be understood as sanctioning divorce *a vinculo* and re-marriage in the other equivalent ways too. Of course the modern pagans who are multiplying in these days of decadence do not concern themselves in the least as to what the Founder of Christianity may have enjoined on the subject of marriage, but probably, as it was those who were Christians in some sense who forced on the pace, they were moved by the inference from Matt. xix. we have indicated.

What then is the true significance of Matt. xix.? It is sufficiently well known that the Catholic Church rejects altogether the contention that this passage permits of divorce *a vinculo*, followed by entrance on a new and valid marriage. She holds that it confines the permission it gives to what is nowadays called divorce *a toro* or judicial separation. We might appeal for that to Father Gigot's *Christ's Teaching concerning Divorce*, or to the review of that book in THE MONTH for August, 1912. But as the misapprehension about the meaning of the passage is so tenacious and has been made the basis of such a disastrous inference, it will be convenient to give to its refutation a more substantive position.

We must take our stand first of all on the parallel passages. These are the references to the same incident in our Lord's life in the two other Synoptic Gospels. It may be assumed that these other passages were intended to bear a satisfactory interpretation in themselves and not to be dependent for it on a qualification indicated only in the Gospel of St. Matthew, that is, in a Gospel which was not necessarily, or even probably, in the hands all along, or from the first, of the communities to which the two others were addressed. What then do these other passages say:

The Pharisees came to him and asked him, Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife, tempting him. And he answering them said, What did Moses command you? And they said, Moses permitted a man to write a bill of divorcement and to put her away. And Jesus answered and said unto them, For the hard-

Whosoever putteth away his wife and marrieth another committeth adultery, and whosoever marrieth her that is put away from her husband, committeth adultery.—Luke xvi. 18.

ness of your heart he wrote for you this precept. But from the beginning of the creation God made them male and female. For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and cleave to his wife, and they two shall be as one flesh; so then they are no more two but one flesh. What therefore God has yoked together let no man put asunder.—Mark x. 7—9.

No one will deny that these two passages as they stand forbid divorce, in the sense of re-marriage after divorce, absolutely, to both parties, the innocent as well as the guilty, if in any case there is room for making such a distinction between them. Nor is it admissible to contend that as precepts they are incomplete until the text of Matt. xix. is weighed along with them. They are complete statements of themselves, one addressed in the first place to Christians at Rome, the other addressed to the communities which St. Paul had converted, who were mostly Gentiles. If St. Matthew, in chap. xix. of his Gospel, permits re-marriage to one or both on the ground that the existing marriage has been dissolved by the adultery of the wife, it is impossible to harmonize the precept put into our Lord's mouth by St. Matthew with that put into His mouth by St. Mark and St. Luke, for they are flatly contradictory. It only remains to confess that the precept given to the Jews was flatly contradictory to that given to the Gentiles. As, however, this is difficult to conceive of, let us examine more carefully what we find in the parallel passages of St. Matthew. In the first of these, chap. v. 32, we are told that the rule about giving to the guilty wife a bill of divorcement is now abrogated. It had been permitted to the Jews, on account of the hardness of their hearts, but was permitted no longer under the new law which our Lord was now promulgating, and which required that men should be brought back to the condition under which they were originally created, man and wife becoming one flesh, that is to say, one complete principle of human propagation, to the extent that to sunder their marriage tie would be like sundering the soul from its own flesh; also, except for the case when the wife has wronged him by committing adultery, the man makes himself responsible for any sin of adultery she may commit after being thus put away, and even then the bond for her at least is not dissolved,

so that anyone else who attempts to marry her commits himself the sin of adultery. In this passage it is not actually said that the husband who has put her away likewise commits adultery if he marries another, but that would seem to be implied since if she is still bound to him he must be still bound to her, not, if she has been guilty of adultery, *quoad mensam et torum*, but at least *quoad vinculum*. But in the other passage in Matthew it is, according to some good MSS., said "if he marries another" after having put away his first but still living wife, "he commits adultery." It will be objected that this second passage may be interpreted as meaning that if he has put her away for adultery, he does not fall under the prohibition to marry another woman. But it is just at this point that the comparison between Matthew and the other two evangelists becomes decisive. If St. Matthew is to be interpreted as we have suggested, there is perfect agreement between the three evangelists on the basis of the absolute indissolubility of marriage. It is only if Matthew is interpreted as the objector just indicated suggests, that there is a contradiction between the teaching of the three evangelists, and it is so that the Catholic authorities have judged it.

Again, in Matt. xix. 10, the disciples who have been present during our Lord's answer to the Pharisees, show that they themselves have understood Him to mean just as we have explained, namely, that, whilst a husband is justified in putting away an adulterous wife from his bed and board, this does not dissolve the bond of marriage between them or sanction either of them in attempting to enter on another marriage. They realize that the new conditions He has just proclaimed to them make the obligations of the marriage bond much harder than they ever were before, for they say deprecatingly "if the case of the man be so with his wife, it is not good to marry." For supposing the alternative interpretation which we have put into the mouth of an objector, in other words, the interpretation so usual among Protestants, that you may dissolve the bond of marriage altogether if your wife be guilty of adultery and be quite free to marry another, our Lord in no way reversed the indulgence granted by Moses, and the disciples on the present occasion had no reason at all for thinking that the liabilities consequent on marriage had been made more onerous than before. On the other hand, if our Lord meant to proclaim that henceforth marriage

was to be as absolutely indissoluble as it had been under the original rule imparted to Adam and Eve, then our Lord inevitably meant to impress upon them that their remonstrance was natural, but they need not think it necessary to abstain altogether from marriage; that they must remember that celibacy without the support of a vocation and its special graces was difficult to practise, but that these were obtainable for those who were constrained to celibacy as the only alternative to violation of the law of indissolubility. No doubt this last point is not explicitly stated in the passage, but it is implied, and as such is a foreshadowing of the divine intention to raise marriage to the degree of a sacrament with the title annexed to just these necessary graces.

We might also bring in Rom. x. 1-3, and I Cor. viii. 39, not as going deeply into the matter, but as coinciding in their simple uncompromising language with the principle laid down so categorically by Mark and Luke and the interpretation we have given of Matthew, and thereby giving still more strength to the argument. We must, on the other hand, not forget that even if our Lord had left to His Church some power to dissolve marriage, this would not justify the State in undertaking to use that power by dissolutions which in any case must be invalid in His eyes.

Finally, we may reflect on the two methods that are in contrast, that of the Catholic Church all through her history, and that of the modern theorists who have preferred to take a pragmatic line dictated to them by their own private judgment. The latter, thus guided, have progressively multiplied the causes of divorce and facilitated the process of giving effect to them, being moved thereto by the desire to remove as much as possible the sources of human unhappiness. Yet it cannot be said that they have attained much success in that object, though it is only too true that they have upset an appalling number of marriages and seriously undermined the stability of the married state itself, and the integrity of the family life. The former, by adhering strictly to the law of Christ thus promulgated, have experienced singularly little of the disturbing action of conjugal quarrels and cultivated a religious atmosphere in which much more contentment and happiness in married life have been secured.

S. F. SMITH.

LIFE EVERLASTING

THE Day of Judgment past, the shrivelled stars,
The outworn heavens and the blackened sun,
Swept into soundless voids—ah, Lord of All!
Our life is now—begun.

Set in the stream of Time, mid trackless storms,
The sun's fierce race, the heavy planets' roll—
A Universe of tide, of chance, of change,
How fared it with my soul?

Chained to the rock, through slime I saw him wade
The ravening Horror,—flashing like a star,
Christ-Perseus, Thou didst leap, afire to save
Thy lost Andromeda.

Shut in a brazen tower with evil spells
Enchanted Danae, beautiful in vain,
The heavens were rent above me, piercing-pure,
Fell down Thy Grace like rain.

Oh the wild tale—the bitter Way of Tears;
The Veil up-swept and dropped; the Gracious Three;
Created, saved and lifted, now I know
The burning Mystery.

Sprung from Thy Heart, engrafted in Thy Race,
Exiled, bewildered, swept and seared with pain,
Wounded, athirst,—what wonder that we come
Back to Thy Heart again?

Where should we go? Thou art the First, the Last,
Where wander from the mercy of Thy Face?
Out of the dark, the cold insensate storm,
I come—unto my place.

M. G. CHADWICK.

THE URSULINE MARTYRS OF VALENCIENNES

IT is announced that, on June 13th next, another group of heroic religious women who suffered for the Faith during the French Terror will be declared Blessed by the Holy See. The "cause" of thirty-two Ursulines and Sacramentines who perished on the guillotine at Bollène, near Orange, in 1794, is under consideration,¹ and already, in 1906, Pius X. beatified the sixteen glorious Carmelite martyrs of Compiègne.² Now the four Sisters of Charity executed at Arras in June, 1794,³ and the eleven Ursulines beheaded at Valenciennes four months later are to be raised to the altar. It is with the latter alone that we are concerned in this paper.

When, in 1789, the revolutionary storm that had long been gathering became an immediate danger, there was at Valenciennes a fervent and flourishing Community of Ursulines, founded in 1654, when Flanders was still a Spanish possession.

During one hundred and thirty-five years their monastery in the rue Cardon was a centre of devoted work for the children of the poor, who attended their schools. Jacques de Bryas, Archbishop of Cambrai, reports that they were greatly esteemed for their piety, diligence, quiet and peaceful ways and excellent methods of education.

To these devoted and prayerful women the Revolution brought suffering and destruction. Valenciennes had been annexed to France in 1677, and was now exposed to the effect of the revolutionary laws, framed in a spirit of hostility to the Church, but, at this turning point of their history, the Ursulines fortunately possessed a Superioress, whose courage never failed, and whose tenderness supported her daughters through the ordeal at hand.

Of Mother Clotilde Paillot, who came of a good Flemish family, we are told that she had the gift of winning all hearts. She had other and stronger gifts as well, for this sweet-natured woman revealed an iron will when her loyalty to God was at stake. Her Community shared her views:

¹ See "In the footsteps of some Martyrs," *THE MONTH*, April 1910.

² *Ibid.* Sept. 1898.

³ *Ibid.* July 1919.

when, in obedience to the new laws that professed to free the "victims of superstition" from slavery, the Ursulines were summoned to express their wishes for the future, one and all emphatically declared that they wished "to live and die under the rules and in the house that they had chosen."

Once this was done, they returned to their work, their schools remained open for the present and their chaplain was allowed to fulfil his sacred duties.

Some months later matters changed: in August, 1792, the Ursulines were forbidden to teach; then they were ordered to leave their convent, which was taken possession of by the Government.

Expelled from their home and deprived of the task upon which they expended their energies, the nuns hesitated what to do. They were resolved to remain faithful, at whatever cost, to their rule of life, but their late experiences proved how impossible it would be to lead a community life in revolutionary France, whereas, just across the frontier, Religious Orders had a kind friend in the "Governess" of the Low Countries, Maria Christina of Austria, one of the many daughters of the Empress-Queen, Maria Teresa.

With the Ursulines of Mons, their Sisters of Valenciennes had kept up a friendly intercourse; their friendship went back to the distant days when the foundresses of the Valenciennes Monastery came from Mons to the rue Cardon, and now, in their perplexity, the persecuted and homeless religious looked towards Mons as to a safe haven, where they were assured of a kindly welcome.

A young novice, Angélique Lepoint, was able to procure the necessary conveyances from her family, and twenty-six Ursulines, wearing their habit, started from Valenciennes, taking with them the poor bits of furniture that the spoilers of their convent had left them: a crucifix, a bed, a chair, and a pitcher for each nun. Some elderly and ailing members of the Community remained behind, but the travellers were provided with the necessary passports and—*this must be remembered*—their departure was fully approved by the French authorities of Valenciennes.

They were affectionately received by the Belgian Ursulines, one of whom has left a curious account of the dramatic events that occurred at Mons during the French Revolution. Thanks to Mère Angèle Honorez, we know that only fourteen beds had been got ready, but more were quickly provided,

and the twenty-six fugitives safely housed. Each Community was governed by its own Superioress, but the two lived side by side, "in great union."

Hardly had the French nuns settled down after their journey, when they had new causes for an anxiety that was shared by their hostesses. France was now at war with Austria, and, on November 6, 1792, a battle was fought close to Mons between the imperial and the republican armies. The Ursulines heard with terror that the latter were victorious, for, says Angèle Honorez, "we knew how they treated priests and nuns." The next day the French troops entered Mons, and our annalist describes how the church and monastery were pillaged, the inhabitants molested, and, in some places, the sacred vessels and vestments profaned by the revolutionary soldiers. In March, 1793, Mons was officially annexed to France, but, fifteen days later, the Austrians made a successful attempt to drive the French away, and we may forgive our Ursulines, who had suffered at the hands of the republicans, if they warmly welcomed the victorious imperial troops.

Angèle Honorez, usually so prim and precise, betrays some excitement on the occasion. She describes the happy activity that reigned among the communities of the liberated city, how the Canons of St. Germain sang a *Te Deum*, the Canonesses of St. Wandru washed their church to efface all traces of the invaders, and how the Superioress of the Ursulines, seeing that the Sisters were "beside themselves with joy," wisely dispensed them from *le grand silence* and let them talk all day to their hearts' content.

To the French Ursulines, the defeat of the republicans brought hopes of returning to their old home. After a siege that lasted eighty days, the Austrians took possession of Valenciennes, and established a regular form of Government; one of its first acts was to express a wish that the Ursulines, who excelled in the task, should take up the work of education that they had reluctantly abandoned; another was to appoint an Ecclesiastical Committee to examine and re-adjust the claims of the dispossessed communities. Encouraged by the good news, and eager to resume the work for which they had been founded, the twenty-six Ursulines left Mons in November, 1793. They were loaded with presents by their Belgian friends, and they carried away a deep sense of gratitude for the generous hospitality extended to them during fourteen months.

Their return journey seems to have been as cheerful as their first exodus was depressing, and they little thought that they were entering a *via dolorosa* that for some of them would end by death on the scaffold.

On arriving at their monastery the Ursulines found the religious who had remained at Valenciennes; also a Poor Clare and two Brigittine nuns, whose communities had been hopelessly dispersed. At their earnest prayer, Mother Clotilde consented to let them join her Community, and thus, unknowingly, she obtained for these three fervent religious the honour of martyrdom. In spite of the disturbed state of the country, other aspirants begged for admittance, and the convent being thoroughly cleaned, the schools reorganized, old habits of regularity and industry were happily resumed.

Now and then, however, the peace of the Community was disturbed by alarming rumours; some miles away, on French soil, terror reigned supreme, and fugitives from Arras and Cambrai brought tragic accounts of the horrors perpetrated by Joseph Lebon in both these towns, where the "guillotine" was in daily use.

No wonder that, to all peaceable citizens, the French Republic represented persecution and bloodshed, and that the defeat of the Austrians at Fleurus was considered as a catastrophe. Worse was to come. In September, the Austrians had to abandon Valenciennes; they made a futile attempt to stipulate that the "priests, monks, and nuns," whom they protected, should not be molested. The republicans rejected their proposals, and when the imperialists departed with the honours of war, the Ursulines must have realized that their courage was to be tested to the utmost.

They did not think for one moment of leaving the city; when they had done so, two years before, it was because they knew that at Mons they might observe the religious rule that was impossible at Valenciennes. Now, Mons had become French, danger and death were on all sides, and the nuns quietly remained at their post.

Mother Clotilde's brave words kept up their courage: "The moment has come," she used to say, "when we must show ourselves the real spouses of Christ. . . . It would be too easy to serve Him if our path was always strewn with roses: the test of our devotion is to serve Him in adversity."

Robespierre's downfall on July 27, 1794, put an end to the reign of terror in France. Only in the unfortunate pro-

vince once held by the Austrians, the Government representative, Jean Baptiste Lacoste, was allowed to apply the methods that had made Robespierre and Joseph Lebon notorious. He denounced, as being the sworn enemies of the French Republic, the priests, monks and nuns, who had taken shelter at Valenciennes when the Austrians held the town; wilfully ignoring the fact that these poor people had been driven by fear and ill-treatment to seek the protection of the Austrian authorities.

The Ursulines were at first detained as prisoners in their own convent; then they were removed to one of the public prisons, all of which were packed with Lacoste's victims. On September 28th, the "guillotine" was erected on the *place du Grand Marché*, and a Military Commission appointed to judge the prisoners, who were considered as traitors because they had at one time left the French territory. This accusation, as regards the Ursulines, was unjust and absurd, but the sequel proved that their real offence was their faithfulness to their religious vocation; a fact that, when made evident, has led the Roman Congregation to class them among the martyrs of the Catholic Church.

Some aged members of the Community had, with their Superioress's leave, been received by their families, and finally there were left to share their Mother's imprisonment only ten religious, women of middle age, whose attitude during these trying days of waiting, is described by their fellow sufferers as singularly cheerful and serene. They were Mothers Marie Louise Ducret, Laurentine Prin, Ursula Bourla, Natalie Vanot, Anne Marie Erraux, Françoise Lacroix, Joséphine and Scholastica Leroux, Madeleine Déjardin and Cordule Barré.

Mother Déjardin, whose cheerful temper in happier days had been the delight of her Community, prepared for death as for a festival; Mother Scholastica, scrupulous and timorous, wrote that the prospect of martyrdom had cleared away her fears and mental torments; Mother Natalie, noted for her timidity, now surprised her Sisters by her quiet courage.

On October 17th, five of the group were informed that the same morning they were to be judged by the *Commission Militaire*, whose death sentences were always followed by immediate execution. The nuns had no illusions as to their fate. "We shall soon grasp the martyr's palm," exclaimed Mother Laurentine; "let us rejoice." At 10, the military escort appeared and led the chosen five to their former con-

vent, where the "Commission" judged the prisoners. To the Ursulines, the building was hallowed by sacred memories, and the thought of the sacrifice of self that they had made within its walls braced them to face another and greater sacrifice: that of life itself.

When asked whether they had "emigrated"—an offence punishable by death in 1794—they answered that they had gone to Mons with the authorization of the French officials, who had given them the required passports. "Why did you return?" was the next question. "In order to teach the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion," said Mother Laurentine, and timid Mother Natalie fervently acquiesced. The five nuns and three priests, guilty of the same offence, were, of course, condemned to death, and, on returning to the prison, they began to prepare for the coming ordeal. Mother Natalie produced a small crucifix before which they knelt down to recite the prayers for the departing soul. The five were absolutely calm, but their companions' tearful sympathy could not be restrained, and was gently checked by Mother Ducret: "My dear Sisters," she said, "we must now only think of preparing to appear before God."

Their prayers were interrupted by the soldiers who were to escort them to the scaffold, whereupon, on her knees before her Superioress, Mother Natalie spoke for the others, begged pardon for any pains or offences that might have been given, and addressing Mother Clotilde by name, thanked her warmly for her motherly kindness, and begged her blessing. The tender-hearted Superioress wept so abundantly that Mother Déjardin, one of the five victims, humorously reminded her that she had always taught her daughters to be courageous! This young religious went to meet death with a delight that astounded the judges. "You seem very gay," they said, reproachfully. "Why not?" was the answer. "I fear nothing."

Timid Mother Natalie was radiant and quoted the *Marseillaise*: "*Le jour de gloire est arrivé*"; to which Mother Laurentine added: "We are taking our first steps on the way to heaven."

After the nuns' hair had been cut and their arms pinioned, they walked to the scaffold, attended by a large crowd. They were heard reciting the *Miserere*; then they sang the *Magnificat*, and encouraged each other. Mother Natalie's name was called first, but Mother Déjardin impetuously stepped for-

ward. "Wait a minute, Sister," remonstrated the elder nun, "my turn comes first."

When the account of their companions' execution was brought to the prisoners, they rejoiced rather than mourned; their letters breathe the same heroic spirit that had supported the five victims. "Our Sisters stepped up the scaffold laughing—*elles y montèrent en riant*," writes one. "I am so happy that I cannot express all I feel," writes Mother Scholastica; and Mother Clotilde describes herself as "the happiest woman in the world."

On October 22nd, being informed that she and her companions were to be judged next day, Mother Clotilde arranged that their evening meal should be more abundant than usual; she invited to share it several priests, who were to go through the same ordeal, and whose presence in the prison made it possible for the nuns to go to Confession. To one and all, the prospects of the next day's tragedy brought un-mixed delight; these simple souls were raised by their splendid faith far above the fears and sorrows of earth!

When the six Ursulines appeared before their judges, the Superioress, who was questioned first, proved that her joy in martyrdom was combined with a strong sense of her responsibility towards the Community entrusted to her care. "If," she said, "we broke the law by returning to Valenciennes, I alone deserve punishment. I am the head, and my Sisters had to obey me. I alone am responsible for having re-established a community of nuns under the Republic." Here the others joined in: "We helped to restore the convent and schools," they said; and Sister Barré: "I acted like my Superioress, and ought to share her fate."

The six were condemned to death, and then Mother Clotilde spoke again. Her words have a singular touch of dignity. She claimed for herself and for her daughters the only honour they coveted, that of dying for God. "I am to die because I was faithful to my duty. I do not die for the Republic, but for the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion that I taught, my Order being founded for the purpose."

The plain, brave words put the matter in its true light, and the verdict of Rome has confirmed Mother Clotilde's protest that her Sisters and herself were sacrificed to punish them for their fidelity to their vocation.

On returning to the prison the Ursulines prepared for death. Surrounded by their weeping friends, they alone remained serene and smiling. On their way to the *place du*

Grand Marché, they chanted the *Te Deum*, the *Veni Creator*, and the Litany of Our Lady. Mother Clotilde was called first, and blithely mounted the bloody platform; her Sisters followed. As promptly and gladly as their Mother they obeyed the summons that called them to Eternal Life.

A quarter of a century after the tragedy we have related, one of Mother Clotilde's novices, Angélique Lepoint, returned to Valenciennes. Out of obedience, she had joined her family when her companions were arrested. Through weary years she had kept true to her vocation, and now she came to take up the work that the Revolution had interrupted. But the Monastery of the rue Cardon had passed into other hands, and it was in another building that Angélique Lepoint assembled her religious companions and opened her schools, thus carrying on, after a break of twenty-five years, the humble mission that her martyred Sisters had fulfilled even unto death.

BARBARA DE COURSON.

IN THE WAY

WITH dragging footstep, slow,
Where starry daisies grow;
With eyes alight to catch
The butterfly, and snatch
At flow'ring bough a-swing,
Distracted by everything
And careless of all danger,
The child, a heedless ranger,
Pursues his thoughtless way,
And scarce will leave his play
To heed a warning cry—
So I.

But, with her anxious gaze
Upon the winding ways;
With all her heart intent
Upon his betterment;
With all her strength at call
To raise him if he fall,
To hold him lest he roam,
To bring him safely home,
The mother urges speed,
And calls to him to heed
With care upon her brow—
So Thou.

JUDITH CARRINGTON.

ON PRE-REFORMATION ARCHITECTURE

DURING the better part of a century now—to look no further back—the Architecture of the Middle Ages has fired many imaginations, animated many pens, guided many pencils. It inspired the Catholic Pugin with his phrase, "There is nothing worth living for but Christian Architecture and a boat!" (he being a keen sailor). It actuated one of his ablest Anglican followers, the late Mr. Bodley, in the alleged statement of his early ambition, "to achieve one great work (of course in the mediæval modes) and to die looking out of a lattice-window." It led the socialistic William Morris to declare that "the spectacle of its poor remains makes the holiday of our lives to-day"—a sentiment true for many an unprofessional votary as well. Nor is it only the man of art or education who falls under the spell; the handiwork of our mediæval forefathers commonly commands a certain instinctive homage from even the most unlettered among their descendants.

What then is the nature of the appeal that stirs so many and such various minds? Well, the appeal of mediæval or pre-Reformation architecture is manifold. Like all true art, it is the expression of life, and in particular, the mirror of its own day. Hence the architecture of the Middle Ages is not only a fascinating art and interesting science; it is history, it is poetry, it is sociology; it is religion as well. For Catholics it is part of their own visible and tangible heritage, and, incidentally, I would say, forms a veritable volume of Catholic apologetic.

In perusing the annals of those times, which are not wrongly described as the Ages of Faith, one finds, nevertheless, such a mingling of elements—so much of violence and unscrupulousness, such strains of laxity and licence, amid all their virtues—that one may well feel disturbed and bewildered, half doubting whether in practice the balance inclined to the side of good or of evil. The study of permanent, concrete memorials comes however as a timely corrective. We know that in them we behold not the transient or accidental aspects of the age, but its settled mind and abiding

purposes. When we look at the vast number of sacred buildings that form its chief monuments, we see clearly that our Catholic forefathers were essentially a believing and a worshipping people. When, again, we note the number and the goodliness of those which were raised by Religious Communities of all classes, it becomes plain that bodies of men who built so strenuously and built so well, cannot, at all events, have been generally given over to idleness and self-indulgence, as is still sometimes asserted; nor can the lay architects and artificers, who displayed so singular a skill and refinement in their works, seriously be deemed the product of an ignorant and half-civilized race. And further, when we consider in detail some typical example of the art, some solemn and soaring fabric with all its outfit of noble statuary and expressive ornament, we cannot but rest convinced that the truest and most cherished ideals of its creators and of their culture were unquestionably pure and lofty and lovable.

We can realize all this, however, but very imperfectly to-day, whether we look at home or abroad. For what we see is only what is left to us after centuries of destructive vicissitudes: the mere decay of age, the violence of war, of Reformation and Revolution; the inroads of alteration, neglect, and again, Restoration, have so depleted the number or marred the beauty of these memorials that it is impossible for anyone who has not paid special attention to the subject to figure to themselves what the outward aspect of Christendom was like at the close of the mediæval era. We have, indeed, such cities as Rouen and Cologne, Lübeck¹ and Bruges, to help us, but even so, much mutilated and modernized. Fortunately we have ancient records as well; and to take up any of these—one of the fine illustrated topographical works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for choice—is to be amazed at the mere fertility of the preceding period in the domain of sacred architecture.

The cities as therein depicted—and how little they were compared with ours to-day—are packed with churches, great and small; ridge against ridge, pinnacle against pinnacle; shouldering each other as do the theatres of central London,

¹ It is strange that the Reformation in these parts should have been so little iconoclastic, materially speaking, that such Lutheran cities as this still afford, in many points, the best examples of original church furniture and arrangement left to us.

or the warehouses of the East End, or the mills and chimney-stacks of a Lancashire town: we behold the stately Cathedral, crowned with spires, in its close caputular precinct; the greater Abbeys and Collegiate Churches, sometimes of no less dignity, with all their cloistral courts and buildings about them; the lesser Religious Houses, a picturesque reduction of the larger; the serried array of Parish Churches, various in size and character, but all combining to swell the grove of steeples that crowds into the sky; and freely scattered among them all a little host of chapels and shrines and crosses. To complete the picture—for our concern is not exclusively with ecclesiastical art—we have in the great Square the City Hall, dominated by the Communal Belfry, sometimes, though seldom, vying with the towers of the Minsters; the various Trade-halls and Guild-houses; each with its distinctive features; busy porticoes and arcades, quiet hospices and retreats; the turreted mansions of wealthy burghers or patricians, asserting themselves amid the gabled medley of craftsmen's dwellings; sturdy, steep-roofed warehouses, granaries, and mills; together with weigh-houses, conduits, fountains, and what-not of miscellaneous character and picturesqueness. Finally—for there was a stern side to mediæval city-life and to its architecture—the embattled castle or seignorial residence, key to the girdle of protecting walls with their multitudinous towers and gateways, their circling moat, and guarded bridges, and windmill-studded ramparts. Heighten the whole with the gleam of colour-decoration and the flash of heraldic blazonries; crown it with a constellation of golden vanes and crosses; set it for an added grace under a pure sky amid a landscape undefiled—and you gain some idea of the kind of cities that our forefathers raised to the honour of God and the service of man.

As all these manifold structures were comely or beautiful according to their purpose and degree—for, incredible as it must appear to-day, there was no ugly thing, great or small, in that bygone world—so the churches in particular were severally works of art, within as well as without; replete, often, with precious objects, and affording a veritable feast of form and colour and instruction. They were not alone temples of worship and depositories of hallowed relics; they were also, and in consequence, the picture-galleries, the museums, and in a sense, the theatres of the people—venerable even then for their association with historic personages and events,

whose remains and tokens and memorials reposed within them. Such likewise were our English churches before the ruthless Reformation despoiled or destroyed them.

Having taken this general survey, it behoves us to ask how and where this Architecture arose, to inquire into the natural history, so to speak, of the art, and gather some idea of its structural and æsthetic development. Although emphatically a Christian creation, and a new thing in its day, it had its antecedents. The course of architecture from the era of classic antiquity up to the close of the Middle Ages was an evolution; but an evolution marked at given points by the introduction of a fresh germ, or element, or principle. The well-known architectural writer, Ferguson, makes a striking observation to the effect that in architecture the world's ancient roads all led to Rome, while its later roads led from it. It was thus the meeting-place of all—the terminus of some, the starting-point of others. Rome took over, for instance, the static art of Greece, with its column and lintel, while she had received, on the other hand, the dynamic art of the arch and vault. The two were fundamentally inconsistent; and after a lengthy period of association the active element began to master the passive. The practical genius of Rome tended to treat architecture as a structural rather than an æsthetic system, and she eventually transmitted to Christianity, on its emergence, forms which were the foundation of what we properly term Romanesque architecture in all its varieties, including that which we best know as the Norman.

Not that this after-development was continuous or rapid; on the contrary, the downfall of ancient civilization and the ensuing confusions naturally involved art and architecture. But they struggled on under the new political and religious conditions—drawing upon existing examples and materials, probably helped by some survival of ancient professional guilds, and certainly influenced by the new-blown art of prospering Byzantium. The Romanesque, when at length it took definite shape, was a genuine and coherent arcuate style, reminiscent indeed of antiquity, but transformed by its own inward working and by its application to new and mainly religious objectives;—simple and rugged, finished and ornate, according to its period and purpose. A great Romanesque Minster, with its expanded plan, its robust and imposing ordination, its puissant if primitive sculpture, its coronal of

mounting steeples (a creation, like the bells themselves, of Catholicism), was a noble, and one might imagine a final, expression of Christianized Architecture. But the art was in fact even at this point still growing and experimenting. There was still an unsatisfied striving after greater elevation; there remained half-solved problems in connection with the lighting and vaulting of large and lofty areas; sculpture had yet lessons to learn from life and nature.

Then appeared a further new germ or factor. The arch had hitherto been a round-headed arch—or, if otherwise in certain regions, had led to no progressive results. It matters not greatly whence originated the pointed arch, but its application as a structural expedient to certain specific problems was a new departure, an epoch-making event. It was at first used in a partial and tentative way—indeed, one may say with a certain reluctance, especially in conservative quarters; for however useful it might prove constructively, it was, æsthetically considered, plainly a disturbing element in an architecture based upon the semi-circular arch. The resourceful Frenchmen of the North, however, in the latter part of the twelfth century, accepted it fully and finally, with all its implications. And they had their reward; for thus was born or accomplished the Gothic style, which must be regarded as the most vital and organic, as well as, in general opinion, the most beautiful of architectural modes.

An early and notable example—one that, as they say in its own country, *fit école*, was the Abbey-church of St. Denis, as rebuilt by that great Churchman and Statesman, *Suger*, towards the middle of the twelfth century.¹ Following this, the possibilities of the novel system were explored with surprising swiftness: a great church, still further increased now in both scale and complexity, soon became a fabric of economically-balanced forces, of thrust and counter-thrust, of piers and buttresses so disposed as to leave wide interspaces in which the wall was reduced to a kind of connecting-screen almost entirely pierced with traceried window-openings or light arcading; the vaults and arches climbed higher and higher, voids encroached and more and more on solids, the whole edifice became lofty and lightsome even to the danger-point. Even when secure, these daring buildings sometimes strike one as being too much in the nature of a mechanical feat. Their exterior mass, until at last the main roof soared

¹ The subsisting edifice, however, is mainly of St. Louis' day.

too high, was conformably crowned by a cluster of tenuous and aspiring steeples—up to seven in number, or even, in the case of Chartres, eight or nine—although here, as in most other cases, they were never carried to full completion. In our English churches, however, with characteristic sobriety, three was the full equipment. The details of design underwent a similar modification, consonant with the new forms and ideals, and the building put on a wonderful garniture of delicate yet vigorous ornament, adorning itself, moreover, with a multitudinous statuary which entered essentially into the architectural scheme, while the glow of gold and colour was lavished on wall and window and sculpture, even to outside surfaces. But such an edifice was no mere specimen of architect's and craftsmen's skill, as a thing technical and apart. It was emphatically the product and reflection of its age, the thirteenth age of Christianity. That century, it need scarcely be recalled, was one of the greatest in the history of religion and civilization. It was an age of enthusiasm and expansion in almost every direction; and all the currents of activity—regal and aristocratic, popular and intellectual, episcopal and monastic—seemed to flow directly or indirectly into the great channel of church-building. A great church became the true embodiment of the collective life, while there are even recorded instances in which the actual labours of construction were piously shared by men of all classes of society.

Let us follow up for a moment one single tributary stream, and note how the intellectualism of the age informed and controlled the splendid array of statuary which became the most arresting feature of a great church-exterior. Advancing knowledge of various kinds had already moved the leading minds of their day to co-ordinate their acquisitions in a complete and coherent system, unified, of course, by theology. There was a passion for classification, for encyclopedias or "Mirrors," as their authors termed them, of this or that, or of all departments of knowledge, sacred and profane. The most popular and comprehensive among these was now the *Speculum Universale* of Vincent of Beauvais, the friend of St. Louis, and a man of outstanding ability and attainments. Upon this work was founded the iconographic system of the leading French cathedrals.

Didron, in his *Iconographie Chrétienne*, describes this scheme with special reference to the Cathedral of Chartres,

where no less than 1,840 figures (many of them over life-size) are employed in the portals of the building to represent the order of the Universe in all its aspects,—nature, history, philosophy, and morality, being severally mirrored and combined into one harmonious whole, associating the world of nature with the world of grace. Abstractions, of course, are personified, and the whole idea is carried out as a magnificent piece of combined imagery and representation, into which, it may be noted, are introduced certain types from classical mythology,—for the Middle Ages still kept touch with antiquity. Similar schemes, more or less detailed, are elaborated in other cathedrals—Laon, Amiens, Bourges, Rheims—Rheims, whose priceless statuary has been so grievously injured. The earlier figures in the various examples are somewhat severe and archaic, but in the work of the mid-thirteenth century and later, we reach the perfection of mediæval statuary both in form and feeling. At its best and highest it is variously characterized by a lofty idealism, a virginal serenity, a physical and spiritual beauty (strength blending with suavity), which have never been surpassed in art, and which are eloquent of the true standards of the age which could produce it. The *interior* of Chartres displays an even greater number of figures, though of smaller scale, while Amiens is similarly enriched. The stained windows of such a building took up the tale in their own lustrous fashion, concentrating upon the great Rose-windows so favoured in France; but few such series, if any, are intact now. Still more perishable, still more open to ill-usage, were the wall-paintings which yet further heightened and accentuated the beauty and instructiveness of these marvellous buildings.

If symbolism entered largely into the decoration of a church, it had its share even in its planning and design, although not, probably, to the extent claimed by some writers—even writers of that day. The edifying analogies of *Durandus*, Bishop of Mende, cannot be literally taken as representing the objects of an architect. Still, they show to what an extent symbolism affected the directing minds of that time. And as it penetrated and informed the ceremonial of worship, so it may well have influenced, even more than we are aware, the forms of the material fabric. In some important points it is plain to sight. The very orientation of the building speaks of it—churches, at all events, north of the Alps, regu-

larly point to the east. Again, they are commonly (and especially on the Continent) cruciform in plan, and everywhere crowned with the Cross.¹ Their main division into nave and chancel, while a matter of convenience and propriety, becomes something more significant when we behold at the ingoing to the choir the storied Screen and the glorified Rood, with the "Arch of Triumph" (as it is commonly called abroad) above it, surmounted again by the great painting of the "Doom." The arrangement of twelve apostle-pillars comes very early into view, while the corona of dedicated chapels around the Sanctuary of the greater churches—the Lady Chapel, fairest of them all—seems to carry its own mystical meaning. Finally, the great elevation of the fabric, the aspiration of its essential forms, the ascension of its airy towers, assuredly witness to something more uplifting than a merely æsthetic impulse.

Not unconnected with this subject, and, like it, imperfectly elucidated, is that of Proportion—proportions, that is, based on positive formulas, some of which, the triangle, for instance, or the number seven, may well have borne a symbolic meaning. But, quite apart from such considerations, it is certain that the mediævals, even as the ancients (and not without some connecting link between the two), to some extent made use of geometrical and arithmetical ratios in the designing of their buildings. What these were in the mediæval usage we do not precisely know. We get fascinating glimpses in old writers, and modern students have deduced something occasionally from the buildings themselves. Would that our information were more ample; for one cannot believe that the admirable proportions of Rheims Cathedral, for instance, or of our own Salisbury, with its faultless spire, or of the kingly towers of Lincoln—buildings, moreover, somewhat early in the style—were the outcome of a happy chance, or even of a trained eye alone.

At the same time, rules of the kind suggested, while most important for guidance, will have formed no hard and fast academical code. It is part of the merit and the charm of Gothic architecture that, as compared with Classic forms, it is free, spontaneous, elastic, full of life and variety. It was, again, unlike the Roman, eminently sincere, and wore no

¹ We have lately been reminded that a relic of the true Cross was exalted to the very summit of the spire of Old St. Paul's, then probably the loftiest structure in Christendom.

masks.¹ It worked from in to out, and had no fear for results. Originating, as we may fairly concede, in Northern France, and carried thence at first by French architects, into other European lands, it became acclimatized, and presently took on in each case a native complexion, and in none more so than in our own. The play of individuality within the unity of the style is amazing. Not only the Gothic of every nation is differentiated, but that of every province and region. It varies, as a dialect, from district to district, and is ever the child of the soil. It varies, moreover, within itself from century to century. The civil and domestic modes, again, differ somewhat from the ecclesiastical. But there was not, as mostly nowadays, one style for a church and another for a public building. Each, while bearing its own stamp, accorded entirely with the other.

I cannot venture, in the space at my disposal, to enlarge upon the variations of style according to time and place. The main time-divisions, however, were of Early, Middle, and Later Gothic, corresponding with our own Early-English, Decorated and Perpendicular styles, each with its own peculiar qualities.

This changing art, like others, like the changing age itself, ran its course. After some three and a half centuries of existence, during which it clothed all Europe in a garment of beauty, it approached its term. It would take too long to detail the process by which it passed from simplicity to elaboration, which became itself over-blown, while certain basic principles seem to have become obscured. At this last period of internal weakness, although still prolific, and producing, indeed, remarkable works, it found itself simultaneously attacked by two external, and one may say, allied foes—the Renaissance and the Reformation. In regions like England, where the latter prevailed, not only did church-building come to a dead halt, but destruction commonly replaced construction; elsewhere, the Revival of Classic Architecture—that of Pagan Antiquity—gradually, and not without opposition, overthrew the traditional modes. The age was becoming the age of palaces rather than of churches, and it was

¹ Such expedients have been accentuated in some modern derived works: thus the apparent upper storey of St. Paul's is merely a screen-wall, hiding the clerestory and its flying buttresses. As regards St. Peter's, Ferguson, while paying tribute to some of its qualities, remarks—"Nowhere in fact, except in the dome and the vaults, is there truth of either construction or ornamentation."

in the former, and in secular edifices generally, that the innovation was chiefly initiated and exemplified. The Church—and the thought is a grateful one—did not readily forsake, in her buildings, the Architecture that had grown up under her auspices and received at her hands a kind of consecration—rather she seemed to cling to it, in every country north of the Alps, till at last there was practically no choice but to fall in with the dominant fashion.

What would have been the further course of the Gothic style of architecture in general, had classic models not existed to recur to, is a speculation of much interest, but only a speculation. One or two more answerable but sometimes controverted questions, however, may be considered in conclusion. Was this pre-Reform and pre-Renaissance architecture—I will not say, a Christian and a Catholic art, for that is unquestioned—but was it Christian art *par excellence*, as so warmly contended by its nineteenth-century apostles and revivalists? Secondly, was it in practice a clerical or a lay art?

Let me answer this last question first. In the earliest Middle-Ages, when art and letters generally took shelter in the cloister, architecture naturally shared their lot, continuing even for some time after to develop under its influence. Cluny, and later, Cîteaux, are more particularly distinguished as centres of architectural influence—although, it must be remembered, at one time in sharp opposition, for St. Bernard was the uncompromising critic of Cluniac grandeurs, while still in their Romanesque phase. Cîteaux, in its earlier days, is associated with the propagation of an austere but beautiful form of first-Gothic. The secular clergy, too, no doubt, sometimes concerned themselves even with the technical, as frequently with the administrative, side of architecture, and certain Bishops in particular have been credited with the *rôle* of architect; but it must be evident that a mediæval prelate, who was a territorial magnate and a peer of the realm as well, and often an officer of state to boot, can have had little leisure for the cultivation of a highly technical and exacting art. Besides, there were all along bodies of lay artificers gathered about the great establishments of the day, whether civil, military, or ecclesiastical; while, moreover, as already mentioned, there seems to be evidence of the survival into the new era of certain ancient architectural guilds and their traditions. These were apparently

located in Lombardy, which exercised, in any case, an active influence in Romanesque art.

From the twelfth century onward, especially, the condition of things became altered. It was an age of increasing lay activities—the age of the Communes and the Guilds—and it was natural that the practice of a more and more complex art should pass mainly into lay and specialist hands. In point of fact, we know the names of the leading architects employed upon the great buildings of the great French school of the thirteenth century, and have memorials of them of one kind or another, including even the wonderful "Sketch Book" of *Villard de Honnecourt*. One of the earliest instances of importance in this respect is that of our own Canterbury Cathedral (a monastic church, moreover), whose existing choir was designed in the last quarter of the twelfth century by one *William of Sens* (who naturally brought to it all the characteristics of new-born French Gothic), and who was shortly succeeded by another William, called "the Englishman," and like his foregoer, a layman. And if we care to look further and later, we may find ample records of the names, often in family succession, of the authors of the leading buildings, civil and ecclesiastical, of the Low Countries—of Antwerp and Mechlin, Mons and Louvain, and other such places as recent history has made only too familiar to us. That such men were not foremen-masons merely, as has been sometimes maintained, is sufficiently shown by the fact that the long career of the *Kelderman* family, of Mechlin, was signalized by the bestowal, on the part of Charles V., of a patent of nobility.

As to the remaining question: we may fairly ask another in return. What are the historical alternatives to the Gothic style as the highest expression of Christian Art in Architecture? There are first the *pre-Gothic* styles. Now, as already stated, one freely allows to Romanesque the dignity of a Christian Art, and a most impressive one; but it was in the event a phase of which Gothic was the fuller and the finer outcome. Something of the same kind may be said of Byzantine Art. The Byzantine is a solemn style (though I fear they are trying to make a cheerful thing of it at Westminster), admirable and representative in its own sphere; but it lacks the life, the aspiration, the universality of Gothic; it has the qualities and the limitations of the East to which it belongs.

There remains but the Renaissance. Like Gothic itself, it

was the remarkable product of a remarkable age; but of an age admittedly disastrous for Catholic Christendom,—an age of religious disruption and moral revolt, of open breach with established ideals and traditions, and recurrence to those of a non-Christian antiquity, and this notably in the domain of architecture. How then could a style of art representative of this day, and deliberately harking back to the modes of Paganism—however these might be constrained to religious uses—how could it possibly bear the stamp of a Christian style in the sense in which the term attaches, as we have seen, to those of the Middle Ages?—styles, moreover, which it dethroned and supplanted. Nor will it serve to plead the sumptuous character of many of its works. The thorn and the thistle have a fine florescence of their own, but they do not yield us the grape or the fig. How then shall we expect to gather the genuine fruitage of Christian art from the alien tree of Renaissance culture? It would be against all law and likelihood. I think we may confidently leave the matter at this point, and without troubling to draw comparisons based upon the actual works of either school.

W. RANDOLPH.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

EVER since 1918, or even earlier, preparations have been on foot for celebrating on an imposing scale the tercentenary of that much-acclaimed voyage of the *Mayflower* (1620), which resulted in the foundation of the first of the New England colonies. The various committees concerned, which include representatives of the Free Church Council, of the Plymouth Congregationalists, of the municipality of Plymouth, and of sundry American organizations, have, we are told, been untiring in their exertions. The Rev. F. B. Meyer, D.D., who long ago blessed the project, has lent his active personal co-operation at every stage of the proceedings, while the distinguished Syriac scholar, Professor J. Rendel Harris, a man well known on both sides of the Atlantic, who is both a native of Plymouth and also an ex-President of the Free Church Council, has written an Interlude to be performed on the occasion. This somewhat bizarre production, entitled "*The Return of the Mayflower*," introduces, by a bold anachronism, not only the leading personages in the original adventure, but also the inevitable George Washington, together with such celebrities as William Penn, Abraham Lincoln, and even President Wilson. The festivities at our English Plymouth are to extend, it is stated, over the first ten days of September, and vast crowds of visitors from the United States and other distant lands are expected to take part in the proceedings.

Now while one does not wish to write unsympathetically of any movement which may seem to be identified with the cause either of freedom, or good-fellowship, or religious toleration, the question inevitably suggests itself whether the claims so often made for the high purpose and elevating influence of the "Pilgrim Fathers," in any way correspond to the facts of history. To Dr. S. R. Gardiner, the most striking feature in their outlook upon life was "the theory of the separation between the spiritual and the temporal, upon which the principles of toleration rest." He goes on to remark that "their only safeguard lay . . . in restricting to the uttermost the right of the civil magistrate to interfere in spiritual questions. What Knox and Calvin had failed to

comprehend, was reserved for these poor Separatists to teach."¹ Unfortunately the question is one not so much of teaching as of practice. The Rev. John Robinson and his handful of exiles at Leyden, may have laid down excellent principles when they themselves were powerless and still groaned under the tyranny of James I. and his bishops; but once safely on the other side of the Atlantic, the procedure of the rulers of the little commonwealth at New Plymouth in no substantial respect differed from that of Knox or of Calvin. "The ideal of the pure and sinless community which they hoped to found"² may be all very well, but, as Dr. Gardiner himself remarks in another context, "toleration, if it is worthy of its name, must give free scope even to folly and uncharitableness."³ Free scope for anything connected with religion seems to have been absolutely outside the range of view of the Plymouth colonists. No modern historian has written more soberly or impartially of the Pilgrim settlement than Professor Roland Usher, of Washington University, St. Louis, whose book on "Pan-Germanism," printed before the war, has been so widely appreciated in this country. In another work, published towards the close of 1918 and entitled *The Pilgrims and their History*, he discusses very sympathetically, as becomes a native of Massachusetts, the whole movement represented by the first settlers, but he is under no illusions regarding the kind of toleration which they stood for.

The Pilgrims [he remarks] did not allow people of all shades of opinion, of all walks of life and of all varieties and conditions to reside permanently within their jurisdiction. In fact, no man or woman was allowed to remain overnight without explicit permission, and those who proved obnoxious in any way, were promptly expelled without hesitation or delay.

They were hospitable in affording temporary refuge when no other refuge was available, and they were less fanatical than many of their contemporaries, but:

We should much misrepresent them if we suppose for an instant that they came to America in order to promulgate that anyone might come to Plymouth and think what he liked, or to found a refuge for people who wished to disagree with them. On the contrary, they came to escape the necessity of tolerating

¹ S. R. Gardiner, *History of England from the Accession of James I.* (Ed. 1883), Vol. IV. p. 152.

² *Ibid.* p. 154.

³ Vol. III. p. 258.

those who disagreed with them, in the hope that they might be able to erect in America a temporal organization sufficiently strong to keep divergent minds at something better than arm's length. With that intention the age was entirely in sympathy. Toleration was not then believed to be a virtue, and the conduct of Bradford at Plymouth is the exact counterpart of that of Winthrop at Boston, of Eaton and Davenport at New Haven, and of Oliver Cromwell in England. Toleration was then in the making and these men were making it. To it none contributed more than the Pilgrims, but they themselves did not know it, and would have denied it with asperity and vehemence, if they had been charged with it.¹

Someone has written rather maliciously of the Pilgrim Fathers that they sailed from a land where they were persecuted in order to find a land where they might persecute. This is no doubt an unfair presentment of the case, but there can be no question as to the extreme rigidity of their moral standard and as to the large measure of interference with the private life of the colonists which they considered not only permissible but desirable. Foremost among the "Capitall offences lyable to death," which are entered among the earliest legislative enactments of the colony, we find "Solemn compaction or conversing with the devil by way of witchcraft, conjuration and the like." Witches happily were scarce in Plymouth, but other offenders were not. Thomas Boardman, having had a child by his wife before their marriage, was in 1638 sentenced "to be severely whipt, which was performed accordingly." Mary Mendham, a married woman, had misconducted herself with an Indian, and this being proved, the record continues:

The Bench doth therefore censure the said Mary to be whipped at the cart's tail through the town's street and to wear a badge upon her left sleeve during her abode within their government, and if she shall be found without it abroad then to be burned in the face with a hot iron; and the said Tinsin, the Indian, to be well whipped with a halter about his neck at the post, because it arose through the allurement and enticement of the said Mary that he was drawn thereunto.²

The badge here spoken of is of course familiar from Nathaniel Hawthorne's novel of *The Scarlet Letter*. The Plymouth legislation of a somewhat later date directs that

¹ Usher, *The Pilgrims and their History*, pp. 198—199.

² *Plymouth Colony Records*, Vol. I. p. 132.

the badge is to consist of "the two capital letters, viz. AD, cut out in cloth and sewn upon their uppermost garments on their arm or back."¹ It substitutes two whippings for the one at the cart's tail here spoken of, but the punishment of branding, if the badge should not be worn, is replaced in 1658 by another whipping. It was, perhaps, natural that a habit of swearing should be regularly punished by an hour or two in the stocks; while, as scores of entries attest, the colonists kept close watch upon the language used by their fellow-townsmen, so that offenders were promptly delated. For example:

At this Court Thomas Williams, servant of Widow Warren, was accused for speaking profane and blasphemous speeches against the Majesty of God, which were these; there being some discussion between him and his dame, she, after other things, exhorted him to fear God and do his duty; he answered he neither feared God nor the devil; this was proved by witnesses and confessed by himself. This, because the Court judged it to be spoken in passion and distemper, with reproof did let him pass, upon humble acknowledgment of his offence, though the Governor (Wm. Bradford) would have had him punished with bodily punishment as the case seemed to require.²

It may, of course, be urged that this stern zeal to maintain a high standard of morality was quite a different thing from religious intolerance, but it is none the less clear that there was an inquisitorial spirit abroad which would certainly be denounced, not only as vexatious, but as utterly un-English, if the functionaries who so acted had happened to be ecclesiastics or magistrates solicitous for the purity of Catholic religious observance. It is Governor Bradford himself who tells us that at New Plymouth, as early as the year 1624, "on every Lord's day some are appointed to visit suspected places, and if any are found idling and neglect the hearing of the word through idleness or profaneness, they are punished for the same."³ Moreover, there is plenty of evidence to show that this and similar disciplinary precautions were maintained throughout all the seventeenth century.

In such an atmosphere we are not surprised to find that Sabbatarianism was strongly emphasized in the new colony. In 1650, it was made matter of formal legislation that anyone

¹ *Records*, XI. p. 95.

² *Records*, Vol. I. p. 35, and cf. Vol. XI. p. 33.

³ Bradford, *History of the Plymouth Plantation* (Ed. Ford), Vol. I. p. 40 3.

"profaning the Lord's day by doing any servile work, or any such like abuses, should forfeit for every default ten shillings, or be whipped." A year later, all persons who did not "frequent the public worship of God in the places where they live," or who upon any pretence whatsoever attended other assemblies "contrary to God and tending to the subversion of religion"—there can be little doubt that this was meant to proscribe every other form of worship but that which the Court themselves followed—were ordered to pay ten shillings for every such default. Indeed, mere absence from public worship "in any lazy, slothful or profane way," was liable to a penalty of ten shillings or a flogging. Moreover, the "Select Men" in each township were to take note of defaulters in this matter and to denounce them. Further, where the type of religious service called "lectures" was held on week-days, all victuallers and keepers of ordinaries "shall clear their houses of all persons able to go to meeting during the time of the exercise," under a penalty of five shillings for every such offence. No travelling was to be permitted on the Lord's day, even in the case of strangers, without the permission of an officer appointed to inquire into the reasons which rendered such journeying a matter of necessity. Moreover, the person who travelled without a written permit might be taken up and stopped by the Constable or any man that met him. Even when the colonist had brought himself to the point of putting in an appearance on Sunday at the meeting house, he was not thereby secure. There were, it seems, irreverent persons who stayed out of doors while the service was going on, and who misdemeaned themselves by jesting, sleeping and the like. It was enacted that in such case the Constable should admonish them, and if they still turned a deaf ear to his warning, should set them in the stocks. Further we read that:

It is enacted by the Court that any person or persons that shall be found smoking of tobacco on the Lord's day, going to or coming from the meetings, within two miles of the meeting house, shall pay twelve pence for every such default to the Colony's use.¹

Even Indians, who might find themselves within the limits of the colony, were forbidden to do any work on the Sunday, by fishing, fowling, planting or carrying of burdens, and in particular, they were warned not "to discharge any gun to

¹ *Plymouth Colony Records*, Vol. XI. pp. 57, 99, 100, 176, 177, 214, 224, 225.

the breach of the Sabbath as they will answer it at their peril."¹

That this legislation was not a dead letter is shown by innumerable entries in the Court records; for example, in October, 1663, we meet these four consecutive notes:

Samuel Howland of Duxbury being presented for breach of the Sabbath in carrying a grist [*i.e.* a batch of grain] from the mill on the Sabbath day is, according to the law, sentenced to pay ten shillings or be whipped.

And William Ford is fined five shillings for suffering him to take it from the mill at such an unseasonable time.

Kenelm Winslow for riding a journey on the Lord's day, although he pleaded some disappointment inforcing him thereunto, is fined ten shillings.

Timothy Holloway, for profaning the Lord's day in training his servant thereon is fined ten shillings.²

Ten shillings, it must be remembered, was then a substantial sum, corresponding probably to something like £5 at the present time. Even in the early years of the colony, before there had been any legislation on the subject, presentments for Sabbath breaking frequently occur in the records. For example, in July, 1638, we find the following entry:

Web Adey was proved to have profaned divers Lord's days by working sundry times upon them, and had been for the like offence formerly set in the stocks and was now again found guilty thereof; he was censured to be severely whipped at the post, which was accordingly performed.³

Similarly, in 1651, our records attest that:

Nathaniel Bassett and Joseph Prior, for disturbing the church of Duxbury on the Lord's day, were sentenced each of them to pay twenty shillings fine, or, the next town meeting or training day, both of them to be bound unto a post for the space of ten hours in some public place with a paper on their heads on which their capital crime shall be written perspicuously so as may be read.⁴

Neither must it be supposed that this rigid censorship stopped short at behaviour which was in some sort a breach of the peace or a violation of generally admitted canons of

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 184.

² *Records*, Vol. IV. pp. 28, 29.

³ *Records*, Vol. I. p. 92.

⁴ *Records*, III. p. 4.

morality. In June, 1655, the Court enacted that "such as shall deny the Scriptures to be a rule of life, shall receive corporal punishment according to the discretion of the magistrate, so as it shall not extend to life or limb."¹ It is possible that this action was taken in view of an anticipated irruption of the Quakers, but, even so, the most ardent champion of the Plymouth colonists can hardly maintain that legislation of this kind was consistent with a lofty purpose of doing no violence to men's consciences. The same spirit of repression breathes in another enactment passed in the following year:

That forasmuch as there be risen up amongst us many scandalous practices which are likely to prove destructive to our churches and common peace; that whosoever shall hereafter set up any churches or public meetings, diverse from those already set up and approved, without the consent and approbation of the Government, or shall continue any otherwise set up without consent as aforesaid, shall be suspended from having any voice in town meetings and presented to the next general Court to receive such punishment as the Court shall think meet to inflict.²

It is, however, in their dealings with the Quakers that the intolerance of the Pilgrim Fathers found its most acute expression. The Quakers were no doubt felt to be a real and active menace to the religious unity of the Plymouth colony. They came with the avowed intention of making converts, and they succeeded. Isaac Robinson, the son of the famous John Robinson of Leyden, was sent to convince them by argument of the error of their ways, but he himself became a Quaker proselyte.³ A writer reported that at Sandwich, in 1658, "the Quakers have many meetings and many adherents; almost the whole town of Sandwich is adhering towards them."⁴ In the same year the Plymouth Court Records show that no less than 75 persons were presented for attending their assemblies in spite of the ruinous fines imposed as a penalty.

Even when Quakers met in "silent meetings," as they were called, it was enacted that "every person so meeting together shall pay ten shillings a time and the owner of the place forty shillings a time." In 1658, a decree was passed that "no

¹ *Records*, XI. p. 64; cf. pp. 98 and 175.

² *Records*, XI. p. 57.

³ Rufus M. Jones, *The Quakers in the American Colonies* (1911), p. 60.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 59.

Quaker or Ranter or any such corrupt person shall be admitted to be a freeman," and they were also deprived of their vote. In 1659, it was stated that many persons in Plymouth colony are being "corrupted by reading Quaker books, writings and epistles, which are widely distributed," and orders were given in consequence that all such books should be seized. A year later attention was called to the fact that the Quakers, by procuring horses, had been enabled "to make speedy passage from place to place, poisoning the inhabitants with their cursed tenets," and the confiscation of the horses was ordered. Finally, in June, 1661, a decree was passed that "Quakers and such like vagabonds" shall be "whipped with rods, so it exceed not fifteen stripes, and made to depart the Government." The penalty for introducing and harbouring Quakers was exceptionally severe, as the following shows:

Whereas there hath several persons come into this Government commonly called Quakers, whose doctrine and practices manifestly tend to the subversion of the fundamentals of Christian Religion, Church order and the civil peace of this Government, as appears by the testimonies given in sundry depositions, and otherwise; it is therefore enacted by the Court and authority thereof, that no Quaker or person commonly so called be entertained by any person or persons within the Government under penalty of five pounds for every such default, or be whipt.¹

As for the unfortunate Quakers themselves they were for the most part forcibly deported out of the colony. If they were refractory and bold of speech, they were dealt with as John Rouse and Humphrey Norton were dealt with in 1658. The "oath of fidelity" was pressed upon them, and when they, raising conscientious objections against taking any such oaths, professed to be loyal subjects of the English Commonwealth, but refused to subscribe the formula proposed, they were forthwith sentenced and whipped. This was surely a curious satire upon that ideal of toleration to realize which the Pilgrims had first of all taken refuge in Holland, and had then travelled 4,000 miles across the Atlantic. It is interesting to note that, according to a modern Quaker historian, Governor Prince, in sentencing the culprits, called them "Papists and Jesuits and inordinate fellows."² One cannot help wondering what sort of mercy would have been shown to a real Papist or Jesuit if such had happened to find his way into the colony.

¹ *Records*, XI. pp. 100, 101, 121, 126, 129, 130.

² Rufus Jones, *Quakers in the American Colonies*, p. 61.

Although the Plymouth settlement in many respects was not so ferocious in its punishment of offenders as some of the other Puritan colonists, it is difficult to resist the impression that its social life was permeated by an atmosphere of suspicion, repression and harshness, and by a particularly narrow insistence upon the Old Testament conceptions of the Deity. Instead of being that haven of peace, that "pure and sinless community" which Dr. S. R. Gardiner tells us the Pilgrims hoped to found, a study of the original sources reveals little but a long series of theological bickerings varied by much immorality and occasionally by portentous scandals. Within ten years of their arrival in Plymouth, Francis Bilington, one of the original passengers on the *Mayflower*, was hanged for murder. The experiment in modified communism, which was apparently undertaken in reliance upon the mutual charity of the colonists and in remembrance of the social organization of the first Christians at Jerusalem, was soon found to be hopelessly unworkable. As Governor Bradford frankly admits:

The young men that were most able and fit for labour and service did repine that they should spend their time and strength to work for other men's wives and children without any recompense. The strong, or man of parts, had no more in the division of victuals and clothes, than he that was weak and not able to do a quarter of what the other could. This was thought injustice. . . . And for men's wives to be commanded to do service for other men, as dressing their meat, washing their clothes, &c., they deemed it a kind of slavery; neither could many husbands well brook it.¹

Again, the ministers sent out to the colony were in many cases utter failures. Some, like the Rev. John Lyford, recommended by their trusted Cushman, proved to be unprincipled scoundrels; others, like Mr. Rogers, were eccentric to the point of insanity; nearly all were more or less mercenary. It is hardly wonderful that Governor Bradford at times yielded to moods of hopeless depression concerning the moral condition of the colony. For example, we find him writing under the year 1642:

Marvellous it may be to see and consider how some kind of wickedness did grow and break forth here, in a land where the same was so much witnessed against, and so narrowly looked unto and severely punished when it was known; as in no place

¹ Bradford, *History of Plymouth Plantation*, I. p. 302.

more, or so much, that I have known or heard of; insomuch as they have been somewhat censured, even by moderate and good men, for their severity in punishment. And yet all this could not suppress the breaking out of sundry notorious sins (as this year 1642 besides other, gives us too many sad precedents and instances) especially drunkenness and uncleanness; not only incontinency between persons unmarried, for which many both men and women have been punished sharply enough, but some married persons also.¹

The Governor then touches, with his usual plainness of speech, upon certain unnatural offences, and remarks: "I say it may justly be marvelled at, and cause us to fear and to tremble at the consideration of our corrupt natures which are so hardly bridled, subdued and mortified; nay, cannot by any other means but the powerful work and grace of God's spirit."² Bradford then sets to work to try to account for the phenomenon, but while his explanations are conjectural, the facts themselves are beyond dispute. This note of depression seems to me to dominate the whole literature of the subject. In all the contemporary first-hand descriptions of the Plymouth colony it is difficult to recall a single passage which suggests a merry humour or a genial outlook upon life. Professor Usher tries to assure his readers that things were not quite so uncomfortable as they seemed. He urges that though they knew no holidays and ignored even Christmas Day, looked upon Maypoles as an abomination of the devil, and prosecuted offenders for mixed dancing, nevertheless, for the less educated members of the community, and "especially for the servants," there were abundance of simple amusement such as they had been accustomed to have in England. But at least one of the illustrations which he chooses to justify this view is singularly unfortunate. He argues that "cards are not infrequently mentioned in the Court records, and the fact that one man was fined for playing cards on Sunday raises the presumption that he might have played on a week-day without breaking the ordinance."³ But Professor Usher cannot have looked at the other entries, and still less at the wording of the decree itself. It runs thus:

Whereas complaint is made that some have brought cards into some of the towns of this jurisdiction whereby sundry young per-

¹ *History of Plymouth Plantation*, II. p. 309.

² Winthrop also says, "As people increased (in Plymouth colony), so sin abounded, and especially the sin of uncleanness." *History*, II. p. 48.

³ Usher, *The Pilgrims*, p. 249.

sons, many both children and servants, have been drawn together to spend their time in playing at such unlawful games to the corrupting of youth with sundry other sad consequences that may follow by the permission of such practices, the Court have ordered that whosoever shall bring into this Jurisdiction or keep in his house any cards for such purposes as abovesaid, or shall suffer any to play at cards or dice at any time in his house or where he hath to do, or any that shall be actors in playing at such unlawful games, shall be fined the sum of forty shillings; and for such as are servants or children that shall play at cards or dice, for the first offence to be corrected at the discretion of their parents or masters, and for the second offence to be publicly whipped.¹

Frankly I think it must be said that for anyone who impartially examines the original documents there is very little in the history of the Plymouth settlement to awaken any sort of enthusiasm. Governor Bradford, in his detailed narrative of the first twenty-five years, enumerates four considerations which specially weighed with the Pilgrims in transporting themselves to their new home on the other side of the Atlantic. He mentions first the material hardships which beset the little community at Leyden. "Many that came to them," he says, "and many more that desired to be with them, could not endure the great labour and hard fare, with other inconveniences, which they underwent and were contented with." It was thought, he adds, that "if a better and easier place of living could be had, it would draw many and take away these discouragements." Again, he notes as a second reason that many of them were growing old, and "within a few years more they were in danger to scatter by necessity pressing them, or sink under their burdens, or both." Thirdly, they marked with especial sorrow that many of their children, owing to the "great licentiousness of youth in the country (Holland) and the manifold temptations of the place, were drawn away by evil examples unto extravagant and dangerous courses." No doubt all these are motives which command respect, but there is nothing here which suggests any very sublime ideal or any exceptionally high standard of heroic endurance. But the last reason assigned is perhaps the most illuminating of all in the insight it affords into the rather hollow pretensions to righteousness which animated many of these tenacious but deluded and self-willed Separatists.

¹ *Records*, XI. p. 66.

Lastly [he says], and which was not the least, a great hope and inward zeal they had of laying some good foundation, or at least to make some way thereunto, for the propagating and advancing the Gospel of the Kingdom of Christ in these remote parts of the world; yea, though they should be but as stepping-stones unto others for performing of so great a work.¹

This last reason figures repeatedly in the early documents connected with the migration. The "Mourt" preface, prefixed to the first printed *Relation* of the Plymouth experiment (London, 1622), sets out in the very forefront "the desire of carrying the Gospel of Christ into those foreign parts, amongst those people that as yet have had no knowledge nor taste of God"; while Cushman, one of the leading spirits of the Leyden community, urges in a letter of 1621 that "we ought to endeavour and use the means to convert them (the heathens). The means cannot be used unless we go to them or they come to us. To us they cannot come, our land is full; to them we may go, their land is empty."²

Now although the Plymouth colonists seem undoubtedly to have treated the Indians with consideration, at any rate, when judged by the standard of some of the other settlers, it is impossible to detect in their records any trace of missionary effort which went beyond such dubious methods as the compulsory enforcement of Sabbath observance. Governor Bradford's detailed *History*, which is full of all kinds of schemes and projects for the material and spiritual well-being of the colony during the first twenty-five years of his governorship (1621—1647), says not a word about preaching the Gospel to the Indians. Similarly, William Hubbard, after fifty years of English occupation, while as a minister of religion he tries to put the best face upon the matter, has to own to practically complete failure.

As for our religion [he says], some, yet a few of them, have seemed seriously to embrace it; but until they (the Indians) be reduced to more civility, some judicious persons have conceived no great harvest is to be expected of real converts, which for the future, must be left to the observation of them that come after, there being little progress made that way for the present, notwithstanding that many endeavours have been made in that kind.³

When one bears in mind the work accomplished and the

¹ Bradford, *History of Plymouth Plantation*, I. pp. 54, 55.

² See A. Young, *Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers*, pp. 111, 243, 382, etc.

³ *History of New England*, p. 29.

hardships endured by men like Fathers Jogues and Brébœuf, not to speak of countless other Catholic missionaries of whom one may read, for example, in Parkman's *Jesuits in North America*, the contrast presented by the failure of the self-centred Pilgrim Fathers is sufficiently striking. Neither is it easy to call up much enthusiasm for the efforts of the settlers to fashion for their own exclusive use a grim and dreary world of just that particular shade of drab which they for the moment happened to think desirable.

HERBERT THURSTON.

ON THE WEST COAST

FAST are the lonely silences of night
 When wind and stars with low unceasing voices
 Utter the secrets they have learned of God
 From the foundation of the world;—and dance
 To faery flutings and accord of harps.
 Too secretly, alas, the golden strings
 Are plucked; too gently voiced the mystic pipes;
 Too delicately stepped the solemn dance
 Of wind and stars in the deep gulf of night.

Unknown, afar, poised between earth and sky
 —Lilac and gold and green inlaid on blue—
 That secret place and holy thralls mine eyes.
 There the red flood, silent, motionless,
 With sunlit green, dew-bathed, enfringed runs.
 There with the liquid notes of birds the air
 Is vibrant; there with stolen perfumes drunk
 Every pulse that throbs intensely here
 In the veins of life throbs there intenser far.
 And in that fair enamelled sanctuary
 —Lilac and gold and green inlaid on blue—
 The flower of love is found, and in that tide
 Forgiveness of sin.

Sea-borne, transparent, golden, Lundy hung
 Bathed in the splendour of departing day
 That from the rifted greyness fell. Below
 The sea ran cold and turquoise-blue; its course
 Amid dark branches, view-obscuring, lost
 Towards Hartland Point; but ever widely borne
 And stretching far and faint and falling aye
 Till merged in mists and greys towards Appledore.

THOMAS SYMONS, O.S.B.

THE AMAZING SECRET

BLESSED nuisance! Another button off this night-shirt! Three buttons there had been in the beginning; two had been plenty when the third disappeared, and the one that survived its mate had kept up a semblance of respectability. But an entirely buttonless night-shirt would be sure to attract Jimmy's attention.

So Wops sat down on the door-step with a shirt and a "hussif" and set to work. It was a difficult task with an elephantine thimble and a fine needle. Just when he was wiping his moist fingers in the grass for the fourth time, the gate swung open, and Dom Anthony came up the path. He was one of a Benedictine community recently settled at Lynne Abbey and had already made the acquaintance of the Scouts.

He was hailed with joy. "The others are out," Wops told him; "and I've got to mend my kit, because Jimmy's going to inspect it when he comes home from work. But if you don't mind—it's ripping to be talked to. You get done so much quicker."

Dom Anthony sat on an apple punnet, and the corners of his mouth kept turning up as he watched the button being belaboured into place. But he found it rather convenient to be able to talk to Wops like this, because he had something important to say.

"I've just come from seeing your father," he said.

Wops stared.

"Whatever did you do that for?" he asked, and then remembered that the monk had known his father at Oxford. "Oh, I remember; you knew him before us, didn't you?"

"Yes," replied Dom Anthony, "I went to see him because we used to be pals, and because he wanted to talk about you."

The needle stopped in mid-air.

"Do you know that your father is a Catholic?"

"Is that the same as a Papist?" asked Wops, guilelessly.

"Because Kirstie, our housemaid, said so to her mother. Bug and Dick are Catholics."

"People who don't understand call us Papists," he said.

"Oh, yes," said Wops, a little less mystified. "Of course, you're one."

"Didn't you realize that before?" asked Dom Anthony.

"I don't think I thought about it," said Wops, a little

distract. "I don't bother much about that sort of thing. It makes such a fuss. F'rinstance, Jimmy's Church, but he hates the Vicar. And Piggy's Methodist, but heaps of people seem to think he'll go to hell for it, and that's rot, because Piggy's such a good chap. I'm not anything. Besides, Jimmy won't let us talk about it up here, because it might muddle Piggy."

"Don't you believe in God?" asked Dom Anthony.

"I didn't know you could not believe in Him," replied Wops, "unless you were frightfully clever. But I think religion is awfully silly. It doesn't do anything. I don't see what it has got to do with God, except it talks about Him." He returned to the button.

Dom Anthony was silent. Gillingham had commissioned him to teach Wops about the Faith which his father had neglected so long. But the monk had never imagined that Wops was so utterly ignorant of its rudiments. However, the child would be easy to teach, since he evidently knew how to use his mind.

Wops bent double over the button and struggled in silence. Then he paused to wipe his hands and get his breath.

Dom Anthony seized the opportunity.

"It's like this," he said. "Every man must have a religion, even if he thinks he hasn't, and apart from the fact that I believe mine to be the only real one, it happens to be yours by right. Would you like to hear about it?"

"No," said Wops. "Thank you awfully, but I don't think I would. I've tried being religious, but it didn't act. I hate Jimmy's kind of Church, because it's so drawly, and there's an awful bother about getting saved if you're a Methodist. And at Mr. Benson's chapel they have Helpful Services, and they're awful. I really don't need any religion. I like just having God . . . if you don't mind."

"Well," said the monk, "perhaps at present you're right. But if you'll walk over to the Monastery with me, I'll tell you some rather interesting things about God."

Wops put down his work, after biting off the grimy thread, and replied that he liked hearing things about God as long as it wasn't anything to do with religion.

As they went down the hill, Dom Anthony attempted to describe monastic life.

"You see," he said, "Monks are men who are so awfully interested in God that they live together so that they needn't be bothered by anything else. They . . ."

"What's Divine Office," interrupted Wops. "I read about it somewhere."

The monk explained as well as he could.

"I think that's rather a good idea," said Wops. "It sounds like one of the things that have to be, . . . because of God. Like eating and sleeping and death."

They were walking down a lane, lined with bare hawthorn. Wops was busy with his thoughts, and his chin tilted up as it always did when he was thinking hard.

"It's very funny what an extraordinary bother religion is," he said. "I've been lucky, but Jimmy's people fuss about it all Sunday. And Piggy's mother goes to church on Thursdays as well."

"And Bug and Dick?"

"Bug's awfully funny. He goes every day before breakfast unless Jimmy thinks he isn't fit. He likes it. Oh, I forgot, his kind is the same as yours. And Dick. Only Dick doesn't go to church much except on Sundays. Do you have a book about Blessed Francis?"

Dom Anthony's understanding made a tremendous effort.

"Dear me, yes," he said; "St. Francis of Assisi."

Wops turned with indescribable eagerness.

"Is all your religion like that?" he asked.

Dom Anthony had mastered the science of souls in long wayfarings and much suffering. He looked at Wops with eyes that held some of the wisdom and much of the love of his Lord.

"We don't have religion, exactly," he said. "Not religion like you mean. We just have God."

Wops made a curious movement as if he caught hold of something, and flushed.

"Really?" he said, almost unsteadily.

"Religion such as you think it," said Dom Anthony, "is such a waste of time. Real religion *is* doing as well as believing. In the Gospels you'll find that Christ was always telling people half secrets, and leaving them to find out the other half for themselves. The only things that He spoke about plainly were helping the poor and the unhappy,—and the Kingdom of Heaven. We know that He was God, because He said so, and because 'Never man spake like this Man.'"

"I know," said Wops; "I think He was God, because He was so exactly like Him."

"Monks are so busy doing what He wanted done,—looking

after the poor and the sick, and praying for people and writing books about God and things like that, that they haven't time for anything else."

"D'you know," said Wops, and his words seemed to tumble over each other in their eagerness, "I knew there must be something—that other people must think like me—and Jimmy. Is it all exactly like in the end of the Bible? And like Blessed Francis? Is it all perfect, like you know there must be?"

Dom Anthony was not looking at Wops. I think he was looking over the horizon of the world.

"It's what all the world is hungering for," he said. "The peace unspeakable. Emmanuel,—God with us. The Mighty Counsellor and the Prince of Peace with the government on His Shoulder. Religion means to you what it means to half the world—a kind of conventional etiquette towards Providence, or at best, a seeking of Truth, content with never finding it in this life. And we, who are we to be of His Household? To make a house for Him and take Him a joyous Prisoner whom the heavens cannot contain?"

"I don't understand," said Wops, as though he was half afraid that it was only a dream after all.

Dom Anthony looked down at him.

"Wops, God never takes away a good gift except to give a better. How, then, could He take away the Light of the World—the Man who understood, when He had once given Him?"

"I've thought of that," said Wops, in a hushed voice. "But I couldn't find the end. It just came to nothing. I don't see what good the Holy Ghost was. I don't think He was much comfort. I'd much rather have had Christ."

"It takes more than the years you've lived to understand the comfort of the Holy Ghost," said the monk. "But then you'll see how you couldn't live without Him any more than you could live without air. But He couldn't take the place of Christ. He didn't. Christ is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever."

Wops suddenly realized that they had been walking up a cypress-bordered path which ended in the great wooden door which Dom Anthony was holding open.

"This is the church. I am going to stay in the garden. Go and see what you can find. Look round. There's no hurry."

Wops hardly heard him. He took a step forward, and the iron-clamped door swung lightly behind him with a sound like a reverence. Then the dim blue dusk closed round him.

He felt an overpowering impression that he had come home after being away for hundreds of years. He could have kissed the curiously-scented atmosphere. He turned the corner, round the pillar, and caught his breath. A white-winged angel held a bowl full of water towards him. Then he realized that the angel and the bowl were both carved in stone. He hesitated a moment, and then put his hand into the water mechanically. . . . Something ought to be done, but he couldn't remember what. Anyway—his fingers felt clean . . .

"Thank you," he said unconsciously to the angel.

High above him, fan-vaulting held the shadows in a cloud, —centuries old. The stone walls, broken by chantries and chapels, and wainscotted with tombs, seemed rather to keep troublous things at bay than enclose a church. Lamps glimmered beyond pillars, sunset yellow, green like the heart of a river, and night-blue.

Wops walked a little further down the nave, and stopped where Sir Morreys Raynham, lying on his stately tomb, said his prayers with folded hands, as he had done for two hundred years before Cromwell's soldiers disturbed him with their discourtesies, and for four hundred years after he had been left in peace. If he was glad that the last few decades of years had given him back the Requiems which the monks had promised him when he died, doubtless he turned his prayers to praises. But he was just as calm as when Mr. Praise-God Barebones devoutly used the House of His Maker as an ostler. I think that, like Dom Anthony, he had learnt a little of the Patience of God.

Wops looked at Sir Morreys. Then he looked at the great High Altar. It looked like a white Throne. Didn't that come in the Bible—somewhere? Those finely-chiselled spires and turrets, close-set with angels and saints; the white linen cloth. (The phrase ran into Wops's mind. He had read it somewhere.) The rose-coloured ember of a lamp in a network of silver; and—the little door with its curtain embroidered with jewels;—Wops moved his head to and fro to see them gleam. Why a door?

It occurred to him to kneel down. He rested against Sir Morrey's tomb and tried to straighten the impressions in his

mind. One by one, the details were laid aside,—the angels, the water, the coloured lamps, the tilty chairs,—and in their place the great fact loomed large; it was all quiet.

No, not exactly quiet. Outside the pigeons were reprov-ing each other sedately. He could hear a thrush, too. Not exactly waiting, things weren't. Nothing was going to hap-pen. He looked at Sir Morreys.

The knight looked straight ahead of him—at the little door—as he had done for all the long years.

A tree brushed a low window. Wops looked up. It was a young poplar, and even as he watched, it did it again, almost affectionately. Why? Why did it like that round window which had not even picture glass?

Down in the elms outside the church-garden, the rooks began calling—or perhaps Wops began to listen to them.

"Lord!" they said, reverently. "Lord! Lord!"

Wops turned swiftly to Sir Morreys. He was still looking straight ahead.

"Watching!" said Wops, under his breath. "Keeping vigil!" Then he, too, looked at the little door, and even as he drew a long sighing breath of childish fear, he under-stood.

"Why, God!" he said aloud, "I never knew." Then he knelt very still, looking at the little door, like Sir Morreys.

"Lord!" said the rooks. "Lord! Lord! Lord!" But Wops did not hear them, for he had found what he sought, and the remembrance of the seeking was already fading. God the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. It had been like this before—before he was born—just watching God.

Dom Anthony paced up and down the garden, under-neath the yews and cedars.

He was wondering how far Wops would comprehend and feel the greatest Mystery of Faith. Wops had such a clear, unprejudiced mind.

"Christ-hunger and implicit faith in Bread which will satisfy—faith that Providence must have so provided," he said to himself. "What could attract Him more swiftly, when He longs to feed five thousand times five thousand?"

There were so many who hungered, but would not believe that hunger must be caused by knowledge of an existing food. How often had he prayed for men and women, and they had slipped out of his life into strange ways. He

would never know if their wilfulness had been stronger than his prayer and the love of God.

Even as he thought about them, it came to him that if Wops understood, the old gift of healing would come with Faith. There would be no doubts with Wops. He would take his God at His Word, and the old mortal disease of the Love of God is very infectious. Wops would cure the aches and bruises of the world, only to spread the "sweet pain of God's lovers all."

Dom Anthony prayed passionately.

"Lord! Lord!" he said in his heart. "He believes. Help Thou his unbelief!"

"Lord! Lord!" prayed the rooks.

Wops came down the path. He stumbled once, as though he did not know where he was going. Dom Anthony looked at him. He was a little flushed, and he looked as if he was busy with thoughts that contented him.

"Tell me how God's in there," he said. "Please put it exactly."

There was a moment's silence. Dom Anthony was making his thanksgiving. Then he said:

"How do you know God's in there?"

Wops stared. "Didn't you know He was?" he said.

So the monk explained as best he could. But Wops did not listen intently. His one thought was the prayer of the rooks.

Two men, whose motor had broken down, were walking about Northways, while the chauffeur mended the wheel.

It was getting dark as they came down the hill and along a narrow lane.

A boy passed them, walking quickly, bareheaded and alone.

One of the men turned and looked after him.

"Did you see that boy's face?" he asked his companion.

"No," said the other. "Why?"

His friend laughed shortly. He was one of those people who are tired of looking for the God who doesn't exist.

"He looked as if he had been spending the day in Heaven," he said.

C. R. HALLACK.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

DIFFICULTIES ABOUT THE ATONEMENT.

ABOUT a year ago (April and May, 1919) we wrote in this periodical on the Atonement, and vindicated that essential doctrine of the Christian faith from some of the objections which Socinianism has rendered popular, and from which few Protestant writers are able to extricate themselves. In the current number of the *Hibbert Journal* this point is brought up again in a review, by Professor H. R. Mackintosh, of New College, Edinburgh, of Dr. Hastings Rashdall's recently-published Bampton Lectures of 1915, which are entitled *The Idea of Atonement in Christian Theology*. Both Dr. Rashdall and his reviewer are well-disposed writers, for whose endeavour we have nothing but sympathy, yet they are instances of what we have just said, and they come before us in this *Hibbert Journal* as persons anxious to save a doctrine to which Christian history attaches fundamental importance, but feel that it can be done only by making large concessions to the positions taken up by Socinianism. We can only touch on a few of the points that bring this out, but they will suffice.

In his opening lecture, Dr. Rashdall, now Dean of Carlisle, reveals his distress that the Gospels should have burdened us with the idea that the Atonement is identified with the payment of a ransom, and in his distress he goes so far as to suggest that perhaps in Mark x. 45 this idea is intrusive, "a doctrinally coloured insertion." There is, however, no variant reading to point to this, and, besides, the term is found also in Matt. xx. 28, the parallel passage; in other words, if our Lord was misreported as to this, the misreporting must have happened in the very earliest times. Nor is this all. Dr. Rashdall seems to have overlooked the fact that this term "ransom" is only a variant of "redemption" and that both come from *λύτρον* or some derivative of it, as *ἀπολυτρώειν*, which is defined rightly in the dictionaries as "to release on payment of ransom." It is then impossible for a theologian, who is discussing the meaning of the Atonement, to get away from the notion of ransom, though it is by no means necessary for him to assume, as his reviewer thinks Dr. Rash-

dall does, that the ransom of which our Lord speaks, or the other sacred writers, is a ransom to be paid to the devil. That was a notion of some of the early Fathers, not when they were engaged in handing on the doctrine which had come down to them, but when they were trying their best to explain it—a difficult task, which it took much time to achieve, but which eventually was achieved, as we can read in St. Anselm and St. Thomas of Aquinas, and which would have become as well known to Protestants as it is to Catholics if they had not restricted themselves to non-Catholic theologians and so lost the Catholic tradition.

In another place Dr. Rashdall seems to say that "he cannot see much difference between the two ideas, punishment and satisfaction," and Prof. Mackintosh's comment is: "I have always felt the same." But if they are thus unable to distinguish between two conceptions so different, and even in many respects so opposite, how can they expect to reach an intelligible interpretation of the Atonement? If a man sins against his country by committing treason, and is put to death for it, that is punishment inflicted on him. But if in true penitence for his offence he avails himself of a chance to save his country by an heroic act, which involves the sacrifice of his life, he is making satisfaction for his offence, and that is estimated a noble act, and may be accepted from him for pardon and restoration. It is similar if he who makes the satisfaction is not the offender himself, but a different and innocent person who asks that his own heroic and life-sacrificing act may be accepted in atonement for the offender whom he loves, and who is now truly penitent. You cannot equitably call the pains endured by the friend's act an act of punishment inflicted on him by their common country, but you can most equitably call it an act of satisfaction or expiation made to the common country. And if Dr. Rashdall and his reviewer will look at the writings of Catholic theology, they will, even in St. Augustine, find that the idea of our Lord being *punished* for the sins of men has very little place in them. It is this idea of satisfaction offered for them and accepted by the Eternal Father from His generous Son which furnishes the true "ransom" or redemption in the most intelligible sense, though it was not paid to the devil but to the outraged majesty of God, which outrage it abundantly, and superabundantly repaired. For consider what His reparation amounted to. Our Lord was "obedient even unto death," says St. Paul,

and this is most true. But it does not mean that Christ's sacrifice was not voluntary on His part, or that its efficacy was confined to His death, and did not in its measure affect His life too. Like many another martyr, though with a plenitude of devoted love, He lived His life all through in loving obedience to His Father's will, and by so doing, honoured Him in transcendent measure. But He did more. He was faithful and loving "even unto death," when the cruelty of His Jewish tormentors forced that crisis upon Him, and that being so, it was in His endurance of death that the heroism of His life was most resplendent. And this is what Anselm and his whole school mean too.

S. F. S.

CALENDAR REFORM.

A REMARK in the last issue of *THE MONTH*, to the effect that it would be a pity if the project of a fixed Easter should be delayed by being involved in the larger design of making the calendar in general more scientific and orderly, leads me to deprecate any separation of the two reforms, seeing that both may be secured comparatively simply in the following way.

The defects of the actual calendar proceed from two distinct causes:

1. The movable character of Easter, which entails that of the greater part of the religious festivals. This has a disturbing influence on the whole of civil economic life, and more particularly on school and university life.

2. The defective arrangement of the weeks and months. Three points may be noted: (*a*) The year is not divided into either two semesters or four terms (quarters) of practically equal duration (90 or 91 days, 91, 92 and 92 days); (*b*) the months of 30 and 31 days succeed each other irregularly, and there is a month of 28 or 29 days; (*c*) neither the years, nor the semesters, nor the quarters, nor the months begin regularly with the same day of the week. There is never, in consequence, any regular coincidence between the dates of the month or of the year, and the days of the week.

These perpetual irregularities do not make for clearness either in business, social life, studies, or legal periods; still less in historical researches.

Whatever be the reform adopted, two points enter neces-

sarily into any rational solution. First, Easter must be on a fixed date; secondly, we must arrange for a year of 364 days, and put outside our computation, in normal years, one day, and in leap years two days.

One very scientific reform would, of course, be to have 13 months of 28 days, or exactly four weeks each, thus securing absolute concurrence between the dates of the month and the days of the week.

But the fact that 13 is not evenly divisible by any digit will probably render this solution for ever unacceptable and unpractical. We must content ourselves with less.

The following seems to be the solution that presents the greatest number of advantages:

Two months of 30 days each, followed by a month of 31, making a term or quarter of 91 days, or exactly 13 weeks, would be a *perfect quarter* of the year. The complementary or 365th day would be intercalated *between the last* day of one year and the *first* of the next. It would be a sort of New Year's Day, kept as a holiday; would not bear the name of any day of the week, would not count in legal business computations, and so on; be, in fact, a kind of super Bank Holiday. In leap years, there would be a second intercalary day; also outside any week or month, placed between the 31st of June and the 1st of July, which might be kept as a special midsummer holiday, offering a good occasion for celebrations which one does not wish to see coming round too often.

Easter would be fixed, for example, on the second Sunday in April (the 14th, in our computation), and the other movable feasts would become fixed in their consequent relative places.

The advantages of this calendar reform would be the following:

1. Every year would be the exact counterpart of every other, always beginning with the same day of the week.
2. Each term or quarter would be identically similar to the three others, and would contain an exact number of weeks.
3. Each date of any given month would always fall on the same day of the week in successive years.
4. There would only be three arrangements of the days of the week in respect of the dates of the month, and these would be repeated for ever, instead of the present irregular variations going round a cycle of 19 years. Thus, in each quarter, the first month would begin on a Monday, the second

month on a Wednesday, and the third month, the only one containing 31 days, on a Friday.

5. It is useless to insist on the many advantages of a fixed Easter. Civil, commercial, religious, academic, and domestic requirements will each be benefited by festivals, Lent, terms of study, etc., etc., being *regular* and falling at the same season.

We have chosen Monday as the first day of January for the following reasons:

1. Practically everybody considers the week as beginning on Monday. The day of rest comes at the end of the week, not at the beginning.

2. The out-of-count "New Year's Day," as a popular and social festival, would thus come *after* and not *before* a Sunday. This would secure a better sanctification of the Sunday, while leaving more time for lawful amusement, the Sunday afternoon or evening and all the next day. A regular week, beginning with Monday, would still follow.

A slight, though perhaps not insignificant, detail would also result from our arrangement. No Friday in the year would ever again fall on the 13th of a month, thus giving no scope for a ridiculous superstition.

It is hardly necessary to add that the date of Easter might, in our new calendar, be equally well fixed on another Sunday, for example, that which would fall on the 7th of April. The 14th has only been chosen as dividing the terms of school study pretty evenly, and falling, like the 7th, not far from the middle of the astronomical period within which Easter actually moves.

The proposal, often made, to begin the year at a more markedly astronomical date, for example, the solstice or the equinox, need not be considered, as it would introduce an unnecessary complication in the future study of historical dates. As a matter of fact, absolutely no inconvenience arises from the custom, now long established, of beginning in the middle of winter. In either case, our reform would be equally applicable.

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THE LAST MARTYR OF TYBURN.

THE ceremony of the beatification of Blessed Oliver Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh, 1669—1681, at St. Peter's, on Whit-Sunday, May 23rd, sets the seal of the Church's infallibility on the fact of his martyrdom *in odium fidei*. But that fact is also proved beyond cavil by what is recorded in the official Law Report of his trial. He was arraigned, of course, for high treason, according to the invariable custom of the English persecutors, from the very first, to screen their religious rancour behind a pretext of patriotism, a spirit which still survives in many low-Protestant societies, and even several weekly papers of to-day. But the "evidence" on which his political guilt was established was so worthless, and the injustice of his judges so manifest, that his trial is universally recognized as a grave blot upon the English Bench, and the character of Chief Justice Pemberton, his judicial murderer, lies at the same infamous level as that of the notorious Scroggs.

In the authorized "Tryal and Condemnation of Dr. Oliver Plunket, Titular Primate of Ireland, for High-Treason, at the Barr of the Court of King's Bench," printed in 1681, the whole record of judicial villainy is set forth in plain terms. The Archbishop began by pointing out that he had been indicted on the same charge in Ireland, the only place in which he could be legally tried, and that no witnesses had appeared against him, the character of his accusers being so notorious that they did not dare to come before even Protestant juries. But his objection, valid though it was in law, was over-ruled, and thus the "tryal" was fittingly inaugurated by injustice. Of course, as one accused of treason, he was allowed no defence: this was legal, but none the less iniquitous. Wholly illegal was the practical refusal to admit witnesses in his favour, brought about by the indecent haste with which the case was proceeded with. The indictment, ridiculously verbose after the fashion of the time, accused the Archbishop, amongst a list of treasonable practices, of procuring "the true Worship of God, within the said Kingdom of Ireland, by law established and used, to alter to the superstition of the Romish Church."

The witnesses having given their perjured evidence, which the *Dictionary of National Biography* declares to have been "so absurd that it is hard to understand his conviction by the

jury"—hard, that is, unless one remembers the fanatical hatred and fear of Catholicism stirred up by the infamous Oates—Pemberton brought the ghastly travesty of justice to an end. The "Tryal" thus graphically reports his direction to the jury and the calm protest of the martyr:

"If you believe the evidence that hath been given, and which hath been repeated by the King's Counsel, and if you believe that he did design to bring in a French Army, to establish the Roman Religion there again, and that he took upon him to raise money for that purpose, surveyed the Ports and made such provisions, as the Witnesses speak of, and was in that Conspiracy; you must find him Guilty, I leave it to you, but it is pretty strong Evidence, he does not say anything to it, but that his Witnesses are not come over."

Plunket. "I can say nothing to it, but give my own Protestation, that there is not one word of this said against me is true, but all plain Romance, I never had any Communication with any French Minister, Cardinal, nor other."

Then the Jury withdrew for a Quarter of an hour, and being returned gave this verdict—

Clerk of Crown. Oliver Plunket, hold up thy hand. How say you, is he Guilty of the High Treason whereof he stands Indicted, or not Guilty?

Foreman. Guilty.

Plunket. Deo Gratias, God be thanked.

Then the Verdict was Recorded, and the Court rose. And the Keeper went away with his Prisoner.

On June 15th the Primate was brought up for judgment, and, although a special messenger had meantime arrived to say that his witnesses had reached Coventry, no stay of proceedings was granted. In his powerful speech in deprecation of judgment, the Blessed Oliver freely confessed his episcopal office:

"I will not deny myself, but as long as there was any Toleration and Connivance, I did execute the function of a Bishop, and that by the *Second of Elizabeth* is only a Praemunire and no Treason. So that, my Lord, I was exposed defenceless to my Enemies, whereas now my witnesses are come that could make all appear. . . . If they had accused me of a Praemunire for the exercise of my Episcopal Function, perhaps they had said some thing that might have been believed, but, my Lord, as I am a dying man, and hope for Salvation by my Lord and Savior, I am not guilty of one point of Treason they have sworn

against me, no more than the Child that was born but yesterday. . . .

All that the unjust judge could reply to this noble and touching defence was, "Well, you have nothing further to say in Bar of Judgment: you have said all you can?" and then he proceeded to disclose the real animus behind all froth and folly of the pretended Plot in the oft-quoted words, which, indeed, may be regarded as the necessary preliminary to the other sentence pronounced on May 23rd in Rome:

L.C.J. Look you Mr Plunkett, you have been here indicted of a very great and hainous Crime, the greatest and most hainous of all Crimes, and that is, High-Treason, and truly yours is a Treason of the highest Nature, 'tis a Treason in truth against God and your King, and the Country where you lived. You have done as much as you could to dishonor God in this Case; for the bottom of your Treason was, your setting up your false Religion, than which there is not anything more displeasing to God, or more pernicious to Mankind in the World. A Religion that is ten times worse than all the heathenish Superstitions, the most dishonorable and derogatory to God and his Glory of all Religions or pretended Religions whatsoever, for it undertakes to dispense with God's Laws, and to pardon the breach of them. . . .

The devil, after all, is ever plagiarizing himself. It was for blasphemy that the Jews put our Lord to death. It was through a false religious zeal that St. Stephen was stoned. It was in defence of the gods of Pagandom that the early Christians were martyred. "First calumniate, then destroy," has ever been the practice of the arch-liar and slanderer. The whole speech of this wicked judge is redolent of extreme malice and hypocrisy. At the end, the Archbishop disclosed the fact that he had the assurance of his life if he pleaded guilty, *i.e.*, equivalently, denied the Faith.

And so on Friday, July 1, 1681, this brave Confessor of Christ was executed at Tyburn, the last to suffer there for the Catholic faith, yet, singularly enough, the first to be canonically declared Blessed. For as is well known, those 60 or so martyrs, who were raised to the altar by Leo XIII. in 1886 and 1895, received what is called equipollent beatification, *i.e.*, the Pope, in the plenitude of his Apostolic power, decreed that the "cultus" they had hitherto received in the Church with the sanction of his predecessors was practically the same as beatification.

A. REARDON.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

**The Work of
the Holy Spirit
in the Church.**

Whilst the longed-for "new order," the rebaptizing of a fallen civilization, of which the birth-pangs were the horrors of the great war, is still struggling to draw breath, the Church goes serenely on her way doing the work which God instituted her to do, witnessing to the faith and holding up an absolute standard of morality in the midst of a corrupt and unbelieving world. Just as no other religious body dares to define exactly the creed to which its members must adhere, so no other body but the Catholic Church claims to decide what is perfection in conduct and to say who has attained it. From time to time certain of our Anglican friends have tried to "canonize" the unfortunate Charles I., and an attempt was recently made to restore him to the calendar as a "black letter saint." But, as *The Times* declares magisterially,— "The idea of canonization or quasi-canonization—a practice which has never, save in regard to Charles, had any place in the custom of the English Church—is utterly alien to the drift of current thought,"¹ and so King Charles, of whom the same authority dogmatically says, "he was not, and nobody can make him, a saint," is refused recognition even by his own Church. Happily the Church of God is governed by other standards than "the drift of current thought"—how characteristic of the secularist mind is that foolish phrase!—and the Holy Spirit, energizing within her, has in these recent days declared the heroic virtue of a great variety of her children and held them up to veneration as models of Christian perfection. Of the six separate ceremonies, extending from May 9th to June 13th, that of the canonization of St. Joan of Arc has naturally attracted the widest attention, for even "the drift of current thought" acknowledges the saintly qualities of that marvellous peasant-child. It is a revelation of the depths to which anticlericalism can sink that for several years before the war the annual fêtes in her honour at Orleans and Rheims were forbidden, or shorn of their civic element. For the moment that vile persecuting spirit lurks in the background, and nothing could have been grander or more enthusiastic than the celebrations at Orleans on May 7th, of which we had later a faint echo here at Westminster.

**The
Eldest Daughter
of the Church.**

The eldest daughter of the Church is indeed specially honoured, in that another child of her, St. Margaret Mary, a complete contrast in all the outward circumstances of her life to St. Joan, was canonized on Ascension Day, and another, Louise de

¹ *Times* leader, April 23th.

Marillac, foundress of the white-crowned army of the Sisters of Charity, declared Blessed on May 9th. Nor is yet the cup of France's glory full, for on the 13th of this month, four of those same angels of charity, who were guillotined during the Terror at Cambrai, and eleven Ursuline nuns who suffered at the same time at Valenciennes, will be beatified.

There was an English "Terror" too in 1678, when blind Protestant fury was excited by the ridiculous "revelations" of Titus Oates, and many innocent lives sacrificed to religious bigotry. Chief amongst these was the saintly Archbishop of Armagh, Oliver Plunket, who was beatified on May 23rd. He was tried at Westminster in 1681, martyred at Tyburn, because the degraded witnesses who swore away his life could gain no credence, nay, were themselves obnoxious to the criminal law in Ireland. The last to suffer for the faith at Tyburn, he is the first of the Irish martyrs to be beatified, and we may trust that before long the many other victims of the Penal Laws in that hapless country may, in spite of the preposterous "drift of current thought," be similarly honoured. As is well known, the chief witnesses against Blessed Oliver were two apostate religious whom the prelate had degraded for their infamous life. It can hardly be believed, but it is a fact, that a writer in *The Times* actually had the effrontery to bring this forward as a reason for excusing the Shaftesbury Government. As if that Government did not suborn these wretched men to aid it in its murderous design!

**The Mystery
of the
Polish War.**

There are no war-correspondents on the Polish-Russian front, no Philip Gibbs to paint vivid pictures of the swaying fight and to give us some notion of the character and aims of the combatants. We depend upon the wireless bulletins sent by one side or the other with their *ex parte* claims and assertions. It would seem that there is little real fighting done: the vast captures of prisoners point to wholesale desertions. We are as much in the dark as to the real military situation as we are in regard to the political. There are, we know, those amongst us who want to crush the Bolsheviks by force, and who therefore encourage Polish militarism: there is also a loud and spreading cry from Labour of "Hands off Russia," which is represented as an orderly Socialist Republic, having no other desire than to develop its own theories undisturbed at home and to live in peace with its neighbours. This picture, of course, does not square with the declared ideal of the Bolshevik leaders to overthrow the *bourgeoisie* everywhere and set up the rule of the working-class all over the world. On the other hand, Soviet Russia is only one of the dozen or more republics into which the

dominions of the late Tzar have split up, controlling Moscow and Petrograd and an undefined area corresponding to the movements of the "Red" armies. Its political influence is negligible, its military force poorly equipped, its internal difficulties enormous and increasing, as shown by its institution of industrial conscription. There are no signs of permanence in such a *régime*, and the long-delayed resumption of commercial relations between it and the rest of the world, would more effectually restore peace than armed violence. No one can complain if Poland secures and protects frontiers comprising her own nationals. To do more and to pursue a war of aggression under pretence of helping the Ukrainians is to sin against the new principles of European order which the war was fought to establish.

Is it
Imperialism?

The Allies, or, at any rate, the British Government, have disclaimed all responsibility in the matter, but a new, disorganized and bankrupt State does not maintain an army of 500,000 men in full activity without outside assistance. Much suspicion and discontent has been aroused in this country by the want of "open diplomacy" in this matter. If Poland's action is justifiable, she ought to be supported: if not, she should not be helped from any quarter. The claims that she made in the peace-negotiations with the Bolsheviks should have been submitted to the League of Nations, a member of which she is. Then, if approved, the whole force of the League would be behind them. A compact, peaceful, well-organized and prosperous Poland is a necessary feature in the reconstruction of Europe, and no one, who knows the history of that martyred nation, would grudge her any of her rights. But it would be deplorable if the foundations of her renewed independent national life were themselves set in oppression of any kind. We are not saying that it is so. The ignorance in which a so-called democracy is left by its rulers as to the rights and wrongs of questions of this sort makes comment largely hypothetical. If the anti-Bolshevist forces would only copy their foes, and meet propaganda by propaganda, instead of trying to crush ideas by violence, we should not only have the necessary knowledge but should reach peace the sooner. It is ridiculous to think that truth is less powerful than falsehood. Let us expose what is false in the Bolshevik arraignment of civilization, whilst amending what is true, and we shall have done more to pacify Europe than any armies can accomplish. Let us meet lies with truth, if truth is really on our side. But all history shows that to combat ideas with bayonets is only to assist their spread.

**Unwarranted
Polish Claims.**

Amidst much that is uncertain and disputed, there are certain ethnographical facts admitted by the Poles themselves. There is unfortunately no natural boundary on the east, whether of river or mountain range, between Poland and Russia, and therefore the division between the two countries must be determined mainly by race. The Polish claim, "as before 1772," would add, it is said, to the territory overwhelmingly inhabited by Poles, nine Governments as overwhelmingly non-Polish in population and equal in size to Germany! In the lapse of centuries most of these districts have ceased to be Polish in spirit or sentiment, regarding themselves as Russian or Lithuanian. It should at any rate be left to their option to settle to which State they wish to belong. Otherwise there is nothing before Poland but a future of hostility with whatever Power finally emerges from the Russian chaos, whilst she will need all her energy to develop herself internally and consolidate her position to the west. All the trouble in the old Europe arose from the attempted domination of nation by nation, and race by race. The new order which, with the favour of Heaven, the democracies of Europe will set up when those who suffer from war take the means of preventing it, will realize better that the ideal of Christian brotherhood means justice and liberty and peace, and that the forcible denial of national rights is a crime of the same sort as chattel slavery.

**The League
of Nations
is not Dead.**

An integral part of that new order is the establishment of an effective League of Nations, —the institution which alone stands between Christian civilization and the unimaginable horrors of another and finally destructive war. We are not amongst those who despair of the League, for that would be to despair of Christianity, of the continued progress of the race, of the possibility of ruling the world by common sense. The late war is recognized to have been the definite outcome of an evil principle, openly professed and acted on by the rulers of Germany but to a less degree vitiating all international dealings, the principle, viz., that might confers right in the relations of State with State, and that national self-interest may always take precedence of justice. That abominable doctrine was seen in all its hideousness in the outbreak and conduct of the war, and the most cynical of statesmen were moved to denounce it as it deserved. The Covenant of the League of Nations, enacted as the foundation of the Peace Treaty, was intended as the formal repudiation by the organized conscience of mankind of that immoral principle. It will take more than the *obiter-dictum* of this or that politician,

the professional prejudice of this or that military man, the sneers and cynicism of this or that Prussian-hearted newspaper, to overthrow a project which is the embodiment of a Christian ideal and has the common sense of ordinary mankind behind it. The Holy See has advocated it as the one just and rational way of securing peace and adjusting international differences. Only those oppose it who have no faith in the power of Christian principles to leaven the world, or who unreasonably judge of its prospects of success from its present constitution or its performance hitherto. In that regard it must be remembered that, so long as certain important members of the Council of the League hold their discussions and make their decisions without consultation with their colleagues, those colleagues—the remaining members of the League Council—are practically powerless. There has been a call from more than one quarter for the Supreme Council, now especially that Treaty-making is practically over, to give place to the Council of the League. But in reality, as the countries which the Supreme Council represents are also represented on the League Council, the process would simply mean that England, France, and Italy should henceforward deliberate with the other signatories to the Covenant, and thus give that international body the power and the sanction hitherto withheld from it. The present separate session of the "Big Three" reduces the League, the permanent Council of the nations, to an academic body, doing useful organization work indeed but powerless to promote peace by revising treaties and deciding on claims.

**But only
not fully
developed.**

It must be further remembered that although all the neutrals invited have now joined the League, it has not in its present shape the adhesion of America, and, of course, is not completed by the inclusion of our late enemies. This latter step cannot be taken until the convocation of the Assembly of the League, the larger and more democratic element which represents its Parliament as the Council does its Cabinet. Thus the charge ignorantly levelled against the League,—that it is merely a combination of the victorious Allies, formed to enable them to keep their gains without further trouble—is unjust as well as ignorant. It is true that the League Council only represents the Governments, but the Assembly will be directly representative of the various peoples, and hence there will be some chance of those who are called upon to fight and to suffer in war having a voice in deciding upon it. The Assembly is to be convened at Brussels, but not, alas! before November.

**The chief
Task
before it.**

We may hope that then, at long last, the promised reduction of armaments, which was made the ground of depriving the beaten States of the right to raise armies in any way proportioned to the needs of the old order, will be vigorously proceeded with. Already America, though not a member of the League, has given Europe a much needed example by halving the estimates of her Secretary for War and rejecting the proposals for a mammoth navy. But after the world, which lives and prospers by labour, has lost some ten million of its workers by death, and perhaps an equal amount by total disablement, there are still some three or four million soldiers on the "peace" establishments of the various nations, and production is lessened and taxation increased accordingly. The security which these armaments are intended to provide could be found in an efficient League, with an international force at its disposal: the manufacture of munitions might then be removed from private hands, trade in them carefully supervised, and the warlike instincts of man diverted to competition for more worthy ends than material wealth and the power that is based on it. It is for those who recognize war as a barbarous anachronism to insist on its teeth being thus blunted. Germany's enormous war-stores are being destroyed by an Allied Commission, her navy has gone, and her army is to be reduced to a voluntary force of 100,000 men. But Marshal Foch,—to take a typical disbeliever in the League of Nations—sees no hope for France but in maintaining her full military strength, and our own Chief of Staff has publicly scoffed at the idea of security based upon universal agreement. There are signs, however, that if statesmen do not promote disarmament it may be done more effectually by "direct action." Already workers have refused to ship arms intended to prolong wars that offend their sense of justice: from that to a refusal to manufacture munitions is but an easy step.

**The Seeds of
War
are Economic.**

The reason why these eminent soldiers and others are so sceptical about the possibility of peace amongst the great civilized nations is probably that they more or less consciously recognize the permanence and prevalence of the main source of war—trade-rivalry. They feel that where Mammon holds sway there is little room for methods of justice. The common doctrine that the whole duty of commercial man is to buy or produce as cheaply and sell as dearly as he is able, regardless of the human interests of the workers or the consumers, has been so bitten into the public mind by a couple of centuries of industrialism that it colours the whole international outlook as well.

The moral standard of the fair price, the moral iniquity of unjust profits, have been altogether lost sight of, and the whole vile practice of usury, the unjust exploitation of human needs for money, which united Christendom turned from with loathing, has long been looked upon and practised as good business. This is especially so when dealing with the foreigner. International co-operation, which was found so helpful during the war in promoting international harmony, has now been hastily abandoned, and *The Times*, all unconscious of the irony of the situation, recently¹ printed an alarmist series of articles on "The Menace of American Competition," detailing the United States' "coming attack upon British Industries," and so forth. This identification of the nation at large with its traders is strongly to be deprecated, for it introduces a wholly unnecessary source of friction. Business men as such have no nationality. They are as ready, as a thousand advertisements show, to attack the trade of a rival in the same street as of one in a foreign country; and, provided their competition is fair and above board, they are equally justified in doing so. It is only when the Government of a nation uses its political power to further the commercial interests of individuals that danger arises of international complications. It is a right to be used carefully, and only when the interests of individuals are practically identical with those of the State. It has often been abused in the assumption that the prosperity of individuals necessarily means that of the community at large, a fallacy which has resulted in the present dangerous mal-distribution of wealth in this rich country.

**Politics
degraded by
Commerce.**

It is this intermingling of politics and commerce which has brought the system of "mandates," evolved by the Peace Conference, into some discredit. We welcomed that development as a tacit abandonment of the old and bad system of "annexing" the territories of backward peoples, and as a formal recognition of the first claims of a protected people to their own land and all the fruits thereof. But that ideal seems in danger of being falsified in practice. Statesmen cannot always keep in mind the full implications of their words, but it is clear that when the Premier on March 26th "claimed the right" of the British Government to be the "mandatory power" for Mesopotamia, he was not thinking of the fulfilling of "a sacred trust of civilization," such as Article 22 of the League Covenant postulates, for he supported the "claim" by the remark that the Vilayet of Mosul had "rich oil deposits." He evidently wished to imply that it would be worth while to assume the responsibility on that account. He made no mention of the wishes

¹ *Trade Supplement*, beginning May 6, 1920.

of the inhabitants of Mesopotamia in the matter, although, according to Article 22, "the wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatory." If the meaning of the British assumption of this mandate—and the like applies of course to the French, Greek, and Italian mandates—is a disinterested desire to secure for the Arabs of Mesopotamia the conditions necessary for their existence as an independent nation, masters of all their country's resources, and having full rights as to their disposal, then all is well and justice is satisfied. But if the old policy is to be resumed of granting "concessions" in the protected territories, with inadequate considerations to the real owners, to certain privileged nationals, then the old iniquities are but being repeated under a thicker veil of hypocrisy. As advisers to the Arab State a small British administration under the League of Nations, such as exists in Persia, would alone be necessary, but that the British should police and defend Mesopotamia at the cost of nearly 20 million pounds a year, for the sake of some particular "oil interest," and without consulting the taxpayer, would seem, in the circumstances, a rather unwarranted enterprise.

**The Fate
of
the Turk.**

After all, the Turkish Treaty, under which these dispositions have been made and which was handed to the Ottoman delegates on May 11th, while leaving the Sultan in Constantinople, does effectually banish that barbarian military Empire from Europe and greatly restricts its power for evil in Asia. Of all the results of the war this is perhaps the most satisfactory, for the offence of the Turk does not date merely from October 1914, but from the moment he first set his predatory foot upon Europe. Now as a nation he is broken and disgraced, deprived of army and navy and all influence in the world's counsels. We trust that the million Turks or so who are brought under the sovereignty of Greece in Thrace will receive fair and generous treatment by their new rulers. We may be sure that the League of Nations will see that their religion is not penalized, if only because of a natural regard for the feelings of Mohammedans elsewhere in the world. But the Turk is racially and religiously incapable of ruling any other nation, least of all a Christian one.

**What
Zionism has
come to!**

An interesting part of the Treaty is the supplanting of the French Protectorate in Palestine by a British Commission under the international control of the League of Nations.

This was apparently determined by England's promise to constitute Palestine as a "national home" for the Jews, but what

that undertaking means, beyond allowing free immigration to Jews, it is not easy to see. It clearly does not mean the creation of a Jewish State or the setting aside of the present majority of Arabs and Christians in favour of a Jewish Government. The country will be administered by the British, and complete religious equality and liberty will be established. No doubt some inducement will be given to Jews to settle in their ancient home, but that those claiming various European nationalities will spontaneously go thither is hardly likely. Meanwhile, the Arabs, under King Feisul, claim sovereignty over the various mandatory regions—Syria, Palestine, and Mesopotamia—and it will be a delicate matter to reconcile their natural desire for self-determination with the terms of the Treaty. But in any case, if the evil effects of centuries of Turkish misrule are to be undone, the wealth of the country must be left in the country to assist in its development.

**No Reconciliation
between Capital
and Labour.**

"A Skilled Labourer" has been writing to *The Times*¹ and pleading for the establishment of some certain fundamental facts in economical science, since, in the welter of current opinion, it seems impossible for the disputes between Capital and Labour ever to reach a conclusion. Especially he wants to know why more production, to which the worker is being constantly urged, means more prosperity to him and not rather the risk of more unemployment. He is likely to plead in vain for information, for since political economists have discarded the guidance of moral theology—the detailed application of divine law to human conduct,—they have lost a definite standard with which to compare their theories, and have had to fall back upon the varying and complicated records of experience. The dispute between Protectionists and Free-Traders, for instance, turns wholly upon observed facts. Yet what prospect of finality has been reached in it? Christian moralists make the worth and dignity of the human soul the test by which they judge industrial conditions. If the effect of those conditions is to make a man a slave or a machine, and deprive him of the chance of mental and spiritual development, then they are bad, however productive of wealth they may be. The worker, by virtue of his human personality, has a right to humane conditions of life—sufficient food and clothing, decent housing, healthy recreation,—and if the conditions of his work deprive him of that right, those conditions should be altered at whatever sacrifice of dividends. To preach, as a correspondent in the same issue does, "thrift, hard work and increased production" to the worker, without giving him a guarantee that all the community alike are going to be in-

¹ May 24, 1920.

dustrious and thrifty, is to deprive your exhortation of much force; to sneer at the working-class, as is so often done, because they clamour for subsidies, is not justifiable, for what is more reasonable than that the workers, if they *are* to form a class, should be supported by those who do not work. There is no sign yet of recognition, either amongst theorists (outside the slender ranks of Catholic economists) or amongst actual employers of labour, that the worker, as a human being with an immortal destiny, is worthy, in the fullest sense, of his hire.

**The
Co-operative
Commonwealth.**

And that is why the movement for the overthrow of Capitalism is growing every day in strength and volume. As an inevitable consequence of abuse the attack is directed not only on profiteering but on profit-making of any kind. A writer in *Blackfriars* for April makes no distinction between the two. The "May Day" resolution of the London workers declared a determination "to substitute an International Co-operative Commonwealth for the present capitalist and landlord system." The continuous demand for higher wages is now motivated not so much by the increasing cost of living as by a desire to make the capitalist system unworkable. The employers pass on the extra charge to the consumer as a matter of course, and thus the whole community is vitally interested in a change. The capitalists, in self-defence but short-sightedly, are combining more and more into Trusts, thus alienating the consumers who hold the voting strength of the community, and by such concentration rendering socialization more feasible. The endeavours of the very wealthy, to escape the sheer sacrifice, necessitated by the desperate state of the national finances, tend to the same end. Labour, now that 20,000,000 new voters are on the register, mostly belonging to the ranks of the workers, is not to be defied and resisted by brute force, for it possesses much more brute force than its opponents, and within the last few days the English Co-operators, who comprise some four million families, and whose funds, amounting to one hundred million, are threatened with taxation, have formally adopted the programme of the Co-operative Commonwealth. Labour must be educated, reasoned with, treated sympathetically, guided aright: above all its real and pressing grievances—bad housing and unemployment—must be taken in hand at once. And the great profiteering trusts should be put under immediate control: it is they who are the menace to industrial peace: it is they who sin constantly against justice by monopolies and artificial scarcities: it is they that perpetuate the spirit of war both at home and abroad.

**The State-Church
and Divorce.**

In the Lords debate on the "Easier Divorce" Bill, the Archbishop of York, supporting an amendment which would allow a clergyman to refuse Communion to a divorced person who had re-married, said that "if the State by civil process were to attempt to dictate to the Church as to those who should and should not be admitted to the sacred privileges of the Church, I do not hesitate to say that the position which might arise to any self-respecting Church would be intolerable." And the Archbishop of Canterbury added, "We cannot leave it to Parliament to decide but we must adhere to the doctrines which we accepted when we were ordained." But the Lords rejected the amendment, reiterating in various forms the obligation of the Church to obey the civil law, and the *Saturday Review* thus points the moral: "The Church of England is, whether its bishops like it or not, a State Church: and it is intolerable that what the legislature decides to be legal the State Church should refuse to recognize because immoral." Now at last the Bishop of Zanzibar has got an answer to his question—"For what does the Church of England stand?"—an answer which the approaching Lambeth Conference will not give so clearly. A State Church stands for the law of the State and not for the law of Christ. The only way in which such a Church can get free is to break loose from the State.

**How the Divorce
Law might be
Reformed.**

But free or in bonds the Anglican Church can give no definite teaching about divorce or about any other matter involving dogmatic morality. It has definitely repudiated the Catholic doctrine on the Sacrament of Matrimony, broken with Catholic tradition in allowing divorce for adultery, and has nothing behind it, as the correspondence in *The Times* between eminent Anglicans shows, but varying interpretations of ambiguous texts and impressions based upon "the drift of current thought." The hopelessly illogical position taken up on the relative rights of the guilty and innocent parties after divorce, as if the former might be refused re-marriage whilst the latter might be counselled to be content with a civil ceremony, shows that the Spirit of Truth does not abide in *that* Church.

We recognize the earnestness and sincerity of the Anglican Bishops in fighting under such a handicap against the secularist view of matrimony. It might have been well for them not to have remained wholly on the defensive in the matter. There are many reforms in the divorce laws which Catholics and Catholic-minded Anglicans might very well advocate. One would be to make the grave act of injustice involved in infidelity a felony; punishable by penal servitude. Another, which *de facto* is in

force in Scotland, absolutely to forbid the marriage of the guilty parties. However, it will be something if the Commons, helped by the support of Catholics all over the country and those Anglicans who still believe in the teaching of Christ, will throw out the Bill further to license polygamy when it comes from the Lords. Catholics are intimately concerned in this matter, not only on the general grounds that all lowering of the moral standards must affect the whole community, but because of the inevitable though regrettable occurrence of mixed marriages. If Protestant practice becomes more lax, it will make matters worse even than they are for the Catholic party in such unions.

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Capital, Catholic Teaching about [P. Coulet in *Etudes*, May 20, 1920, p. 399].

Christ's Soul as abiding with the worthy Communicant [H. B. Loughnan, S.J., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, May, 1920, p. 505].

Church and Economics, The [J. A. Ryan in *America*, April 17, 1920, p. 592].

Personality, the centre of rights and duties [W. J. Kerby, Ph.D., in *Catholic World*, May, 1920, p. 179].

Spiritism, Theories of [C. P. Bruehl in *Ecclesiastical Review*, April, 1920, p. 401].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Protestantism, Varieties of, in U.S.A. [Floyd Keeler in *America*, May 15, 1920, p. 80].

Socialism, Belgium and [J. Van der Heyden in *America*, April 10, 1920, p. 569].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Housing and Morality in Liverpool [J. Malone in *Inter-University Magazine*, April, 1920, p. 94].

Italian Popular Party's Meeting at Naples [*Civiltà Cattolica*, May 1, 1920, p. 269].

Jeanne d'Arc, St. [*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, May 1—15, 1920, pp. 129, 149].

Lithuania, Reconstruction in [Thomas Walsh in *Catholic World*, May, 1920, p. 175].

Margaret Mary, St. [*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, May 1—15, 1920, pp. 163, 172].

Missions, Effects of the War upon [*America*, May 15, 1920, p. 86].

Nationalization, The Philosophy of [H. Belloc in *Blackfriars*, May, 1920, p. 96].

Portugal, Catholicity in [Fr. MacInerny, O.P., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, April, May, 1919].

Prisoners, Rational treatment of [G. C. Treacy, S.J., in *America*, May 15, 1920, p. 93].

REVIEWS

1—ERASMUS AND LUTHER¹

THIS volume of some 500 pages comes from one who, as Blake Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, and Examining Chaplain to the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, might seem justified in claiming to show some insight into the interesting subject of which it treats, and it was with this prepossession in its favour that we took it up to review. Regretfully, however, we have been forced to conclude that it furnishes no help at all towards the solution of its problems. We pass over in estimating its character some purely external defects in its get-up which none the less are annoying to the critic. It has only a very inadequate table of contents instead of the full one students would expect in a book of this kind, and although in one sense the index at the end is extremely full, it is one of those indexes made by people who bestow much industry on their tasks, but work mechanically, not with their heads, and succeed in confusing rather than helping their readers. If, for instance, one consults the entry in this index under the heading "Toleration," what use is it to be referred to thirty-three items without indication of any kind which of them are likely to be helpful? This question of unintelligent indexes needs looking to: their compilers only need to be trained, but they do need that.

Nor is it in these accessories alone that the book is deficient. The author seems to have no consciousness that he needs to think out and define his principles. He is content to have collected a mass of small details which lend themselves to epigrammatic expressions that have very little substance beneath them, and ill supply for the want of method and order in his expositions. So far as one can extricate his fundamental thought from this medley, it is that Erasmus had a leaning towards religious toleration as subserving the interests of social peace, but not sufficient leading power to bring it to pass, whereas Luther was essentially a man of action, who was by no means consistent in his love of

¹ *Erasmus and Luther: Their Attitude to Religious Toleration.* By Robert H. Murray, Litt.D. London: S.P.C.K. Pp. xxiii. 503. 1920.

toleration, but by his furious energy did bring it to pass by forcing on the circumstances out of which it was eventually evolved. There is just an ill-defined fragment of truth in this comparison or contrast, but that is the very most that can be said for it. The essential difference between the two men was that Erasmus was to a certain extent well-intentioned in his attempt at reconstruction, but sadly under-estimated the nature of the destructive forces which Luther had set in motion, whilst Luther was essentially an uprooter of all that displeased his frenzied and ever shifting mind, and though he never showed the slightest capacity to construct, he evinced a more than human, a downright diabolical, power to destroy. This, put in other words, means that there was in some degree a love of toleration in Erasmus; there was not an atom of it in Luther. In the earlier stage of his career he found it convenient to pose in verbal expressions of toleration, but as soon as he found that the views which others wished to be free to hold were opposed to his views, at once his wrath was excited, and the foul and violent language, in which he was such an adept, began to pour forth from his mouth. What, too, can Dr. Murray mean by saying that his words of intolerance were many but his acts few. To begin, it was a fixed idea with him, which he impressed on all the secular rulers who were ready to heed him, that to Catholics no toleration of any sort was to be allowed. And then he advocated everywhere, over and beyond this exclusion of Catholics, the profane principle afterwards crystallized into the maxim *cujus regio ejus religio*, that is, that in the different German States the religion of the ruler should be forced on all his subjects under such pains as banishment from their homes, and death if they should venture to return there. In one sense, at all events, we may allow the author his contention, namely, that Luther, by his movement, brought about the co-existence of various churches, and that this general fact, in course of time, necessitated the introduction of some system of toleration. But this was in no sense to the credit of Luther who at most could claim the distinction of being one of the least tolerant of men that ever lived, as well as one of the most odious.

2—LES LETTRES PROVINCIALES DE
BLAISE PASCAL¹

TWO things seem to defy the power of time, genius as the Roman poet proudly claims, and a lie which sets off with a good start. Accordingly the Society of Jesus can never hope to have done with Pascal's Letters, nor with the calumny, refuted *ad nauseam*, of her supposed teaching that the end justifies the means. This is the reward of her long and victorious struggle against the heresy of Jansenism, a heresy at once dishonourable to God and degrading to human nature. It was inevitable that in the course of the long and bitter conflict, a few Jesuit theologians and writers should have sometimes fallen below the high ideal set before them in their Institute of scrupulous charity and justice in interpreting the words and teaching of their opponents. *Humanum est errare*, but their faults were venial when compared with the malignant injustice of their enemies. The fact remains that Jansenism, the errors of which obscured and perverted the splendid genius of Pascal, is to-day a dead and discredited system.

The edition of the famous letters just published by Dr. Stewart seems intended for university students of French, but it is hard to see what use such readers will make of the notes and illustrative matter furnished by the laborious and learned editor. The book is admirably documented and will be welcome to the judicious reader, but such readers will always be few. The significance of Pascal's work for the ordinary man is that of a great French classic, a supreme example of French prose at its best, above all, of its lucidity and irony. In the subject-matter the general reader is out of his depth and cannot be kept afloat by the most elaborate system of commentary and *pièces justificatives*. This is especially true of the questions of casuistry discussed in those letters which are most generally read. Here there is need of exact and technical knowledge, and a calm dispassionate judgment. The youthful reader, incapable, as we are told, of moral philosophy, will be at the mercy of the "impetuous and brilliant author," as Dr. Stewart very truly and candidly describes Pascal. That impetuous and brilliant spirit is responsible

¹ *Les Lettres Provinciales de Blaise Pascal*. Edited by H. F. Stewart, D.D. London: Longmans, Pp. xxxviii. 360. Price, 8s. 6d. net.

for one of the cruellest and most baseless calumnies in history, and a body of religious men, whose one ambition is to work for God's cause, to serve the Church and help their neighbour, must answer in every generation to the odious accusation of lowering the moral currency for their own influence and authority. The recent indiscretion of one of His Majesty's judges is a good illustration of the evil Pascal did and how it lives after him.

Dr. Stewart is transparently sincere and always tries to hold an even scale. Indeed, the whole case against the Jesuits is surrendered when he says, in a note on p. 263: "Here is where Pascal goes wrong. He does not accuse the Jesuits of deliberately corrupting morals, but of deliberately allowing laxity with a political object, viz., the aggrandizement of their own power and influence. He does not prove the charge." Yet the average Englishman, who has heard of the Letters or read one or two of them for amusement as he might read a play of Molière, takes it for granted that Pascal proved his case triumphantly, and we fear that few will see the significance of Dr. Stewart's admission. They are more likely to be confirmed in their prejudice by the words of the preceding note: "As a matter of fact, strict Jesuits were not rare; but Pascal takes the Society at its worst. He was not bound to take it at its best, for he honestly believed its principles to be rotten."

So while making every acknowledgment of Dr. Stewart's learning and good will, we cannot unreservedly commend his book. Indeed, the ideal editor of the Letters must be a Catholic, a trained theologian, even a confessor. No one else can fairly estimate the meaning and purpose of those manuals on which Pascal based his accusations. Nothing is easier than to misunderstand such helps for the confessional. "*Dolus latet in generalibus*" is a lesson hammered into the stupidest of seminarians, and every priest knows how to supply the qualifying clauses omitted in the text book. Again, nothing is easier than to mistake the writer's standpoint and intention. Where the question is how far he is justified in refusing absolution, he is supposed to be encouraging the "average sensual man" to sail as near the wind as he pleases.

Dr. Stewart's deficiencies in this matter of casuistry may be illustrated from a passage or two taken almost at random from his notes. P. 56, l. 37: The "equanimity" with which

the theologians discuss a case of clerical immorality is censured. The moral indignation which is desiderated would be entirely out of place. Equanimity is just what is required in a casuist. These Jesuit theologians had at least as great a zeal for God's law as Antoine Arnauld and his friends of Port Royal, but they knew that expostulation and rebuke could be safely left to the prudent judgment of the confessor. P. 48, l. 9: "qui demeurent dans les occasions prochaines [du peché] trs." "who dwell on the confines of sin." This is absurd. "Proximate occasion of sin" is a technical term and must be respectfully treated as such. P. 49, l. 18: "Tomas Sanchez. . . . He was notorious for the indecencies contained in his *Disputationes de Matrimonio*." As who should say, "Dr. Blank, the eminent gynaecologist, who has published some painfully indelicate works on his special subject." So again, of poor Père Bauny: "Pascal through modesty refrains to give all the details which Bauny describes." Bauny's book was written for confessors, not for Pascal's public. This kind of thing might be left to the lecturers of the extreme Protestant Societies, who know how to play on a prurient curiosity, or to those lewd fellows of the baser sort who purvey the same vulgar stuff for the newspapers and magazines.

3—ROMAN CATHOLIC 'CLAIMS'

THIS is the eleventh edition of a controversial handbook which is well-known and must have had a very wide sale, since it was first floated on the book-market in 1889. We fear that in embarking on what was to turn out so good a venture Bishop Gore did not put himself to much toil or research. There is little in his book to indicate that he troubled to consult first-hand authorities, or to study carefully what the writers he quotes or refers to could have meant, and still less does he appear, in sending out subsequent editions, to have paid serious attention to the criticisms he had received, though many of them convict him of very palpable misconceptions of obvious things. This is not very satisfactory in a long-continued succession of editions, bearing the name of one in Dr. Gore's position. And what is worse, this author allows himself an absolute recklessness in aspersing the character of men of the highest reputation, whether living or dead, which, to say the least, is not usual among

¹ By Charles Gore, D.D., late Bishop of Oxford. London: Longmans. Pp. viii. 215. Price, 4s. net.

gentlemen, and savours rather of the ways of the late Dr. Littledale. Thus to take a particularly egregious instance, he does not hesitate to charge with the qualities of ambition, injustice, and dishonesty, one whom he nevertheless calls "so real a saint as St. Leo the Great" who (according to him) was "wonderfully unscrupulous in asserting the claims of his see, and strangely blinded in conscience to the authority of truth, when he quoted as a canon of Nicæa what had been shown to demonstration to be a canon of Sardica and not of Nicæa." It is strange, too, that Bishop Gore does not see that when he lays down thus magisterially that "Ultramontane writers will always be found manipulating facts and making out a case, and will never behave as men who are loyally endeavouring to present facts as they are," he is furnishing those he condemns with an easy retort. It is not one that we shall employ ourselves, for we have no liking for this Littledale style of controversy, but in view of all the hopeless misrepresentations in Dr. Gore's book, persisted in through so many editions, it is indeed difficult to refrain from asking oneself, "Is he loyally endeavouring to present facts?" Why, too, does not at least a sense of what is to his own interest cause him to see how it all works out? Many of his readers no doubt are too unfamiliar with patristic literature to be able to detect that he is misleading them. But there are others—such as inquirers from among the ranks of his own clergy—who are well able to test his citations and interpretations, and are apt to return from such an exercise with estimates of his character which he would not be too pleased to hear.

4—A POET WORTH WHILE¹

MR. CHARLES WILLIAMS has issued, through the Oxford University Press, his second book of verse. It is called *Divorce*, and is only a degree less remarkable than *Poems of Conformity*, 1917, perhaps partly because the new war-thrill of "Love hath his evangel," and "Ways are foul in Bethlehem," and "May 20, 1915," is a thing now necessarily absent. But *Divorce*, even as it is, is almost too good for a public caught in a vortex of experiment, and ready for anything rather than for thought. England would have known enough to be very proud of this young poet in the 'nineties; she will yet be very proud of him when the mirk of world-politics has cleared away. Mr. Charles Williams

¹ *Divorce*. By Charles Williams. Oxford: The University Press. Pp. 120. Price, 4s. net.

is not a poet in the making: he does not do his thinking aloud, forming a style as he goes, and setting down in print occasions for future cancellings or qualifications. Already he has a mellow individual outlook, and a fixed gravity and dignity of expression, a scholar's deliberation in the use of words. He is a past-master of literary form, and applies a highly-humorous quill to *vers-libres*. Best of all, he has found his way into the great affirmations of life, and sucked like a bee at the heart of love and of the age-long obediences of religion. Of such matters he writes, and worthily. These are merits of an outstanding kind. Nothing can imperil them but the possible danger of over-production. No English writer, since the very different Shropshire Lad, has built out of a few apparently easy strokes of rhyme, so authentic a reputation. Mr. Williams is a less lonely genius, and somewhat more derivative, than Mr. A. E. Housman; he walks in Coventry Patmore's afterglow, and feasts with the generation of Chesterton. The dynastic blend in him gives odd results, but results arresting enough, and in all

"soe fresh, soe newe, soe nothing trodd-uppon,"

as to make a few rashnesses in matters of taste not worth recalling. For sheer sudden craftsmanship and a transfiguring elf-light playing on the most commonplace themes, few modern pages can match Mr. Williams' *Incidents* (p. 52), *Outland Travel* (p. 89), *Celestial Cities* (p. 30), to Michal: *On Brushing her Hair* (p. 61), the haunting *In a Motor-Bus* (p. 110), and that delightful exercise of the powers of minstrelsy, *A Chant Royal of Feet* (p. 107). The reader will find for himself the frequent and noble philosophy of this book's allusions to Our Lady, exquisite in unexpectedness, as in seemly reverence; an attraction for home landscape, magnified inevitably and at once into visions of the Jerusalem which is above, which is our mother; strong and just views of Christian polity not a few, as in the superb long *Dialogue of the Republic and the Apostasy*. There are a hundred subtle touches which tell a Catholic that Mr. Williams is not with us:

"Where Sarras *is*, where Sarras holds the Grail."

But he is rather more than an ally, in all his morality, and in all his cultus of beauty. His fun, his sanctities, his fights, his dreams are ours; and may a mere reviewer say it would mean everything to the author of *Divorce*, and much to the devil, were this music to be heard, not just beyond our beleaguered gates, but inside, among kinsfolk and friends?
Quod concedat Deus!

A word of warning should really be added here in regard to the repellent title of this deeply-interesting book. It is only the heading of one of the longer poems, filial and touching, having even there little pertinence. Unluckily, it reproduces a catchword of the hour, and might even seem to connote a glorification of it! One could wish no more charming vendetta upon the heads of Lord Buckmaster and the Lord Chancellor than a gift to them, under so specious a label, of this pocketful of poetry, as full of Christian affirmations and allegiances as a work of art can be.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL.

THE translation from the French of Mgr. Leroy, Bishop of Alinda, which has been made by E. Leahy and edited by Fr. George O'Neill, S.J., is not adequately described by its title, **Credo: a Short Exposition of Catholic Belief** (Herder: 7s. net). For the Bishop is as much concerned with works as with faith, and ranges over the whole Catechism, practical no less than doctrinal; indeed, a commendable feature of the book is that, despite of its brevity of treatment, room is found for constant application of faith to conduct. The book requires a teacher to expand and illustrate its lessons. Its inevitable conciseness leads in places to inadequate explanations, and on minor points—as where the Bishop derives "Protestant" from non-Catholic "protesting" against various dogmas—it is not quite accurate. But the reading of it would form an admirable preliminary to undergoing a fuller instruction.

BIBLICAL.

Father C. J. Callan, O.P., has supplemented his commentary on the four Gospels by a similar work on **The Acts of the Apostles** (Herder: 10s. 6d. net), and thus put the educated Catholic, cleric or lay, under a further obligation. For he manages to give just the amount of information which a reader desirous of understanding the Acts as a whole, the purpose, peculiarities and meaning of the book, would find necessary, without entering into points of minute scholarship and exegesis. The book is well-equipped with general introduction, maps, and a serviceable index.

DEVOTIONAL.

What is fittingly called **A Garland for Our Lady** (Burns, Oates and Washbourne: 6s. net), is a compilation of extracts in prose and verse, from many sources, in praise of the Mother of God, made by an Ursuline Sister of Sligo, who is responsible for many other anthologies of the kind. The contents are arranged for daily reading during the month of May, and each day concludes with the suggestion of a devout practice.

A little book of spiritual essays, **The School of Love** (Burns, Oates and Washbourne: 3s. net), by one who is now the Archbishop of Bombay, will have, we trust, a greater range of usefulness than when it was first issued two years ago. Archbishop Goodier's name is now widely known, and many will want to judge him by his words as well as by his works. In these score or so of devotional studies they will find the outpourings of a sensitive, observant soul, which is never too en-

thusiastic to be practical, and which can be practical without being narrow.

The second edition of a translation from the French entitled **Ancient Devotions to the Sacred Heart by Carthusian Monks** (Parkminster Press: 2s. net), not only provides the faithful with subjects for devotional reading and contemplation during the month of June, but serves to prove how old and widespread was this "cultus" in the Church, even before St. Margaret Mary was chosen to promulgate it publicly.

BIOGRAPHY.

It was to be expected that Dr. Joseph Kinsman, who lately resigned the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Delaware, U.S.A., and joined the Catholic Church, should publish his *Apologia—Salve Mater* (Longmans: 9s. net). The narrative of all such spiritual adventures must be interesting, especially when the traveller is a man of such eminence as the ex-Bishop. His book is in the main an expansion of the letter which he wrote announcing his resignation (since published by the C.T.S.), in so far as his positive reasons for doing so are concerned. He became convinced that Anglicanism, having no principle of authority, can have no definite teaching and is therefore not the Church of Christ. Catholics will be interested in the ex-Bishop's development as illustrating the extreme slowness with which, even when there is no lack of good will, the prejudices of birth and education are dissipated in the search for Catholic truth. As an Anglican Dr. Kinsman had published several books in defence of his position, from which, as well as from notes and letters, he is able to quote to show that there has been no real change in his principles. A special chapter, entitled "Jesuit Ethics," details his gradual appreciation of Catholic morality. Here we might venture to suggest that he does not seem, at the time of writing, to have completely grasped the application of the principle of "the end justifying the means" (p. 286), and that to say that "the Jesuits" seem to have acted on it (in its immoral sense) "in past centuries," goes a good deal beyond the evidence. If the definite article were left out, the statement might pass as something no doubt possible, for individuals are never immune from sophistication of conscience. We trust that the same zeal for truth which brought Dr. Kinsman into the Church will find expression in many such valuable apologetic works as this. The author excels in epigrammatic phrases which give force and point to the statement of his views.

Father Martindale's finely-projected series of studies in holiness, which he calls "The Household of God," is gradually taking shape. Four volumes have already been published containing sketches of some dozen canonized saints, representing various categories of sanctity. Now we have a volume dealing solely with **St. John the Evangelist** (Burns, Oates and Washbourne: 3s. 6d. net), one of the "Princes of His People" section which will include St. Paul and (we hope) St. Peter. It is a careful study of the personality of the evangelist and of the message which, in extreme old age under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, he leaves as a legacy to the Church. No one can read these pages without gaining a fuller understanding of the sublime Fourth Gospel, and of the nature and conditions of the Eternal Life which is its main theme, and the Faith and Grace which are its earthly support. They will help both theology and devotion, belief and practice, and fulfil the pious desire of

the author to communicate to others his own great love of this masterpiece of Christian literature.

HOMILETIC.

After the example of the impious Julian the enemies of Christianity have always striven to banish it from the school. Hence the constant effort of Catholic teachers to maintain the Catechism as an integral subject of education. Nowhere has the effort been so great as in France, for nowhere has Antichrist had so much of his way in education. Consequently the French Church is eminent for the excellence of its catechetical instruction. A good specimen of the care which special perils evoke is presented in *La Parole Educatrice* (Beauchesne: 7.00 fr. net), the title which M. l'Abbé Delerue gives to the collection of short addresses which he has given to his catechism classes in preparation for First Communion. They are very detailed, treat of every point of the child's daily life, and are couched in vivid, homely, and humorous language.

HISTORICAL.

A very interesting account of the first Scots settlements in Down under James I., and their subsequent fortunes, is given in Mr. John Stevenson's *Two Centuries of Life in Down, 1600-1800* (McCaw, Stevenson and Orr: 21s. net). The author has had access to the muniment-rooms of many of the chief houses in the county, and is able from these first-hand sources to describe with great vividness the conditions and habits of life, the religious beliefs and practices, the literary tastes, etc., etc., of these ancient Presbyterian folk. He lets them speak for themselves, through diary, letter, and account-book, and the result is a strange but fascinating picture of a bygone phase of Irish life, which yet, so far as religion is concerned, has its effects to-day. Speaking as one of themselves, the author would seem to justify the "coming of the Scots" by the plea that the native Irish were on a lower scale of civilization, yet he does not like the legalized robbery by which they obtained a footing. "A change of occupancy," he says mildly (p. 29), "was perhaps inevitable and desirable, but one could wish that the manner of effecting it had been different." We had hoped that the Great War had introduced a clearer notion of the rights of the inhabitants of a country to its possession, however "superior" the culture of their neighbours. And he seems to go entirely to Protestant writers for his evidence of the alleged barbarity of the Irish. The Presbyterian divine Eachard, for instance, is not a safe guide as to the manners and customs of the seventeenth century Irish. The book is admirably illustrated by reproductions of portraits and plans.

The first volume of what promises to be a large and important work, *Storia letteraria della Chiesa* (Marietti: 13.50 fr.), by Mgr. G. P. Sinopoli di Giunta has reached us from Turin. The Monsignore, who writes rather for ecclesiastical students than for the general public, contemplates completing his work, down to the Council of Trent in 1534, in four volumes, of which the present embraces the Ante-Nicene epoch (to 313). Apparently, there is in Italian no work covering the same ground and with the same object, and the history is to be welcomed on that account. But it is more than a mere scholarly sketch of a vast subject. Although not documented critically, it shows a thorough acquaintance with the literature of early Christianity, and deals satisfactorily though succinctly with the witness of the Fathers.

POETRY.

The Canonization of St. Margaret Mary, the Apostle of the Sacred Heart, has inspired a competent American poet, Father Garesché, S.J., to compose an Ode, *To Margaret Mary in Heaven* (The Queen's Work Press: 50 cents.), and the inspiration is genuine. There are lines and passages in the poem which might well be set down to Crashaw or Francis Thompson, and it moves in a sustained elegance and strength of expression.

Not all the verses in the slender collection called *The Priest of Isis and other Poems* (John Long: 2s. 6d. net), by Miss Ethna Kavanagh, are worthy of the permanence of book-form, but those that are, embody some graceful fancies in picturesque form.

FICTION.

There is so much clever writing about *The Hills of Desire* (Macmillan Co.: \$1.50) by Richard A. Maher, such humour of phrase and incident, such vivid character sketching, that what we must call the unsound psychological element, which bulks largely in the book, will irritate the reader who likes at least a probable development of plot. The author invests both his hero and his heroine with a sort of second-sight in order to get them over difficulties, generally caused by their own stupidity, superstition, and impulsiveness. In addition, the heroine as a Catholic shows a strange indifference to her own and her husband's spiritual welfare, and it seems to be made a point of excellence in her that she is ready to let him leave her should he really want to. These main characters are so likeable in themselves that one resents their creator's treatment of them,—itself a tribute to his power.

Many novels, we dare say, are written when or before the authors reach the age of 20, but few of them are published! *Francis Dillrampel, in Search of Happiness* (Morland: 6s. net), by George E. Goldie, is, according to the writer's own testimony, one of those few. It is emphatically a "young" production, and crudity stamps every page of it. It is full, too full, of excellent moralizing spoilt by violent and exaggerated expression: its characterization is childish, its situations commonplace, its dialogues stilted and absurd. Internal evidence shows that it was written some ten years ago; so that Horace's advice concerning MSS. has been followed, without, however, the effect that Horace aimed at.

MISCELLANEOUS.

If we consider organic adaptations and adjustments, recent scientific discovery has increased our knowledge of their intricate complexity and of their amazing fittingness. And if the evolutionary theory initiated by Darwin and Wallace had not cramped our views as to the process by which these changes take place, it is certain that all this scientific research would have served to deepen our conviction of the presence of intelligence as a causal factor in the world of nature. Instead, many scientists are prone to regard all natural phenomena as the result of the mad dance of molecules and atoms, ever active, ever entering into new combinations, yet ever ready to break up in response to changes in environment. In other words, there seems to them no need for any guidance or co-ordination of the motion of molecules which, left to themselves, will produce by their own inherent activities—if sufficient time be granted—better results than intelligence would attain. The author of the book

under review, *Le Problème de l'Evolution*, by Adolf Spaldák (Beauchesne: 4.00 fr.), attempts to get rid of this tyranny of thought which attributes the world processes to chance. As a preliminary, he shows that this assumption does not provide room for many undoubted facts. Realizing, however, that destructive criticism is ineffective unless it is supplemented by positive reconstruction, the author describes and defends what he calls "La théorie idéale." This theory does not attempt to prove the existence of final causes, nor is the argument equivalent to that from design. Put briefly, the argument comes to this. When we apply the laws of probability or chance to nature, we suppose that nature is not inclined to act more in one way than in another; that the law which governs it is the law of a true die and not that of a loaded one. The author shows that, *de facto*, the laws of our intelligence can be applied to nature, and concludes that nature is "loaded" in some way. As a consequence, intelligence must play a part in the processes of nature, and so a way of escape is opened out from the all-embracing influence of complete arbitrariness and the sole action of chemical and physical forces. There is little doubt that an argument of this nature will appeal to scientists, and we may notice in passing that it is vaguely hinted at by Professor Soddy in *Matter and Energy*. We must confess, however, that its development in the present book is rather obscure. Perhaps this is due to the fact that the author is writing in a language which is not his own, but we think also that the subject requires a more ample development than that given in the limited number of pages of this small book.

The Abbé Felix Klein has written several striking books about the War, one at least of which has been translated into English. This will secure a welcome for his latest volume—*En Amérique à la fin de la Guerre* (Beauchesne: 7.25 fr.)—which recounts the experiences of a French mission in the States during October and November, 1918, which had for object the conferring on Cardinal Gibbons, on behalf of the French Government, the insignia of "Grand-Officier de la Légion d'Honneur" on occasion of his episcopal jubilee, and to foster friendly relations between the two democracies. The Abbé was keenly interested in the shifting phases of American politics, and gives a stirring account of the course and effects of the President's "policies." But our chief interest lies in his description of the status of the Church in America, and of the great personages that rule it there, with whom his mission brought him into contact. Close observation and a practised pen make this a noteworthy volume.

In the *Sword of Justice* (Blackwell: 5s. net) the Rev. J. E. Winstanley Wallis, M.A., has developed the traditional Christian doctrine of war. The fact that the work has been done more fully and more clearly in the volume published several years back by the Catholic Social Guild—*A Primer of Peace and War*—does not detract from the utility of this production, which may reach a wider public than anything definitely Catholic. However, Catholics will find little to help them in it, whilst they will resent the author's implication that the Church somehow disappeared at the Reformation, and that, therefore, her witness to the true doctrine needs to be renewed. One is never sure of the connotation of the word "Church" in Mr. Wallis's treatise: hence there is much vagueness in his outline of what the "Church's" duty is in regard to the maintenance of peace. We venture to think that if he had known of the existence of the C.S.G. *Primer* he would not have been so ready to

accuse the Church, properly understood, of a dereliction of duty in the matter of upholding the right doctrine of war and peace, for an unbroken line of moralists and canon lawyers is therein shown to have developed the traditional moral teaching on the subject in accord with the needs of each age.

Mr. H. M. Pim describes his **Short History of Celtic Philosophy** (Dundalgan Press: 7s. 6d. net) as a redaction of a huge mass of material, collected in order to determine and illustrate the original contributions of Celtic peoples to philosophical development. Only those familiar with Celtic literary remains can test the success of his enterprise: that these old people had a philosophy might almost be taken *a priori*. The Celt is inferior to no other race in subtlety of intellect, and it would have been strange if no philosophical system had been developed amongst them. It is when he comes to details that Mr. Pim challenges criticism. He shows clearly enough, by comparison with the Greeks, that the Druids had anticipated, or at least originated independently, some of the characteristic doctrines popularized by Plato; but we are not convinced that the early history of the various invasions of Ireland gives merely instances of the mythopoetic faculty of the Celtic philosophers. Several of the chapters are devoted to the systems of such Celts as Scotus Erigena, Duns Scotus, and Bishop Berkeley. Yet the author has the support in places of Professor MacNeill, who adds, in a series of notes, the weight of his authority to various conclusions arrived at in the text. As a pioneer work the volume is to be welcomed, but the author, although he has shown that men of Celtic race have excelled in philosophy, has not, we think, proved that there was any Celtic philosophy as such. "Some Celtic Philosophers" would have been an apter title.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

When the unspeakable Turk was so misguided as to throw in his lot with the German, a gleam of consolation pierced the clouds of war in the thought that now at last this barbarian would be expelled from Europe. But, alas! defeated in war he has conquered in peace, and Canon Barry's eloquent indictment—**The Turks, Cardinal Newman and the Council of Ten** (Anglo-Hellenic League: 3d.)—of Turkish misrule has been penned in vain. What do politicians or financiers care for the interests of Christian civilization? Another similar exposure, by Mr. W. A. Lloyd—**An Address** (Anglo-Hellenic League: 3d.)—of the ways of the modern Turk serves only to accentuate the cynicism with which our secret diplomats set aside for material interests the cause of humanity.

We can hardly do more than mention the recent additions to the useful **Helps for Students of History**, issued at moderate prices by the S.P.C.K. Catholics of all others will profit by history becoming more enamoured of truth, and it is a testimony to the open-mindedness of the projectors of this series that they have enlisted the services of several Catholic scholars. The *Helps* are being better organized and are now divided into four main classes, viz., "Methods of Historical Work," "Materials of History," "Auxiliary Studies," and "Special Subjects and Periods." Only in the last-named class need Catholics be on their guard, for naturally one's view of Church action, which pervades all the doings of mankind, will be coloured by one's convictions concerning the nature of the Church. In the second category appears **The Reports of the Historical MSS. Commission** (2s. 6d. net), by M. R. A. Roberts,

formerly its Secretary, an invaluable guide to the contents of the 156 volumes which have been issued in the forty-four years from 1870 to 1914, and which have rendered accessible many important first-hand historical sources. Professor J. W. Adamson's **Guide to the History of Education** (8d. net), belongs to the fourth class. His important work on the History of Education we appraised in these pages last March, and herein as there the reader will not find much guidance as to modern Catholic educational work, whereas the abominable union of State-education and Protestant proselytism practised for centuries in Ireland is not even mentioned. Probably the number of the series assigned to Father T. Corcoran, S.J., will make good these deficiencies. Mr. W. J. Reddaway's **Introduction to the Study of Russian History** (8d. net) deals lucidly with a very tangled subject.

Amongst the series of *Texts for Students* we find (Nos. 12—17) **Selections from the Historia Rerum Anglicarum** of William of Newburgh, by C. Johnson, M.A. (1s. 3d. net); **The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles** (4d. net), **The Epistle of Barnabas** (6d. net), both edited by T. W. Crafer, D.D.; **The Code of Hammurabi** and **Selections from the Tell-el-Amarna Letters** (1s. net), both translated by Percy Handcock, M.A., and documents illustrating **Commercial and Diplomatic Relations between England and Russia** (1s. 6d. net), by A. Wiener, M.A.

The most important of recent C.T.S. publications is an apologetic work, **And you shall find Rest to your Souls** (C.T.S.: 8d.), by Francis Jerome, which is aptly described as a "first guide-book to Christ's Holy Catholic Church," telling in simple persuasive language what reason and revelation alike combine to declare Christ's Church to be.

Mr. Herbert Hall has added to his many works on the Anglican position a telling little pamphlet, **Have Anglicans any Right to call themselves Catholics?** (C.T.S.: 2d.)—which is in effect a reasoned exposure of the groundlessness of the whole Anglican claim.

The critical condition of Ireland, which is not only aiming at far-reaching political changes, but which may also be made the subject of economic experiments, makes especially valuable Father Lambert McKenna's patient yet sympathetic study of **The Social Teachings of James Connolly** (C.T.S. of Ireland: 1s. 3d.), a leader under whose influence numbers of Irish working-men inevitably come through a perusal of his chief work, "Labour in Ireland." Father McKenna's previous volume, *The Church and Labour*, has proved his possession of the requisite knowledge and understanding to make him an ideal critic of such writings as Connolly's, a self-educated man, who had a sound Christian outlook in many things, but marred by misunderstanding of the due functions both of Church and State.

Nos. 7, 8 and 9 of Vol. XVIII. of **The Catholic Mind** (America Press: 5 cents. each), preserves many pronouncements of importance. Father Hull (No. 7) sums up in "Jesuit Morality Again" the salient features of a long-lived calumny. "Education in the Middle Ages" (No. 8), provides a valuable series of testimonies to the culture of that maligned period. The cause of the mission-field (No. 9) is eloquently upheld in an "Apostolic Letter" from the Holy Father, and several more local appeals.

The **Pastoral Letter** issued by the American Hierarchy in September of last year, and published by the National Catholic Welfare Council,

is a document of some 80 octavo pages, treating not merely of spiritual matters, but of all the points of contact between Church and State. It cannot be more than noticed here, but we hope to make much future use of it, as an authoritative exposition of Catholic principles.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

- AMERICA PRESS, New York.
The Catholic Mind. Vol. XVIII.
 Nos. 7, 8, 9. Price, 5 c. each.
- ANDREW B. GRAHAM CO., Washington.
Creation v. Evolution. By P. L. Mills, D.D. Pp. 34. Price, 50 c.
- BENZIGER BROS., New York.
Penal Legislation in the New Code.
 By H. A. Ayrinhac, SS.D.D. Pp. 392. Price, \$3.00 net. *Your Own Heart*. By E. Garesché, S.J. Pp. 160. Price, \$1.25.
- BEAUCHESNE, Paris.
Sainte Marguerite-Marie. By A. Hamon, S.J. Pp. 269. Price, 7.00 fr. net.
- BLACK, London.
Medieval Medicine. By J. J. Walsh. Pp. ix. 221. Price, 7s. 6d. net.
- BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.
St. John the Evangelist. By Rev. C. C. Martindale. Pp. xiii. 144. Price, 3s. 6d. net. *The School of Love*. By Archbishop Goodier. Pp. 180. Price, 3s. net. *The Emperor's Royal Robes*. By J. A. Forbes. Pp. 52. Price, 1s. 3d. net. *Good Shepherd Chronicles*. Pp. v. 180. Price, 3s. 6d. net.
- CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.
Haggai and Zechariah. By T. W. Crafer, D.D. Pp. xii. 119.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.
"And you shall have Rest for your Souls." By Francis Jerome. Pp. 54. Price, 8d. Two Penny Pamphlets.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF IRELAND, Dublin.
Social Teaching of James Connolly. By L. McKenna, S.J. Pp. 52. Price, 1s. 3d.
- DENT & SONS, Toronto.
Bridging the Chasm. By P. F. Morley. Pp. 178. Price, \$1.35.
- GABALDA, Paris.
Pages choisies de Montalembert. Edited by V. Bucaille. Pp. xxii. 342. Price, 7.00 fr. n.
- KEGAN PAUL, London.
From the Trinity to the Eucharist. By Mgr. M. Landrieux. Pp. 112. Price, 4s. 6d. net. *The Cathedral of Rheims*. By Mgr. M. Landrieux. Illustrated. Pp. viii. 98. Price, 21s. net.
- LA BONNE PRESSE, Paris.
Recettes Domestiques et rurales. Pp. 482. Price, 3.00 fr.
- LEONHARD SIMION, Berlin.
Leibniz erkenntnistheoretischer Realist von B. Jansen, S.J. Pp. 80.
- LONG, London.
Fernando. By J. Ayscough. New Edition. Pp. 320. Price, 4s. 6d. n.
- LONGMANS, London.
A History of Penance. By Rev. O. D. Watkins. 2 Vols. Pp. xxix. 496; xix. 279. Price, 42s. net. *Salvo Mater*. By Frederick Joseph Kinsman. Pp. viii. 302. Price, 9s. n. *The Faith of the New Testament*. By Alexander Nairne. Pp. xi. 235. Price, 6s. net. *The Problem of Reunion*. By Leslie I. Walker, S.J. Pp. xxii. 255. Price, 12s. 6d. net.
- MAGNIFICAT PRESS, Manchester, N.H.
A Girl's Ideals. By Mrs. Armel O'Connor. Pp. 125. Price, \$1.00. *Father Laddan: Curate*. By Louise M. Whalen. Pp. 111. Price, \$1.00.
- NATIONAL CATHOLIC WELFARE COUNCIL, Washington.
Pastoral Letter of the American Hierarchy.
- PARKMINSTER PRESS, Sussex.
Ancient Devotions to the Sacred Heart. By Carthusian Monks. Pp. xxiv. 318. Price, 2s. net.
- OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.
Divorce. By Charles Williams. Pp. 120. Price, 4s. net.
- PUTNAM'S SONS, London.
The Rose of Jericho. By R. H. Bouicault. Pp. 485.
- S.P.C.K., London.
The Delightful Joys of Heaven. By A. E. Peacock, M.B.E. Pp. vi. 149. Price, 6s. 6d. net. *St. Irenaeus: the Demonstrations of the Apostolic Preaching*. From the Armenian. By J. Armitage Robinson, D.D. Pp. ix. 154. *Helps for Students of History*. Nos. 22, 24, 25. Each 8d. net. *Texts for Students*. Nos. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17.

